# OAK LEAVES



1854 1904

Golden Jubilee
of the
Presentation Nuns

SIZE 2

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1854 1904

GOLDEN JUBILEE

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE

# Order of the Presentation

OF THE

# Blessed Virgin

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To the Past Pupils who desired the publication of this souvenir
and whose kindness to their Alma Mater made it possible.



# OAK LEAVES

ISSUED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER IN CALIFORNIA



1854 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 1904

## Golden Jubilee

FIFTY years! Golden Cycle, we hail and salute you!
We hail, too, the glory that follows your wake!
Where, where are the sacrifices that constantly knew you,
That challenged the greatest that heroes could make?
Are they passed like those years? Are they gone forever?
Ah, no! up in heaven amassing they be,
For those that did make them they will be forever
More glorious by far than a Gold Jubilee.

The saintly young Nuns that sped o'er the ocean,
To lead on the warfare so long, long ago—
Do they from their thrones behold this commotion,
Or long to return? A thousand times no;
Yet they see and are glad, and they pray for us surely,
And join in the chorus with angelic glee,
They hymn forth thanksgivings, their spirits are truly
Rejoicing with us on this Gold Jubilee.

Few but their souls' spouse knew aught of their sorrow,
They spoke it to Him, they wrestled in pray'r;
They asked for today, they hoped for the morrow,
With courage untold they shoulder'd their care.
Bravely they look'd on the gloom all around them,
"God light us a beacon that we may see!"
Broke from their hearts, now God doth surround them
With the glory of heaven—a vast Jubilee.

We number those years, but in heaven they're measur'd,
And banked are those acts in the Book of Recall—
Each look of kind love—Ah, how it is treasur'd
By Him whose awarding speaks Father of All.
Then lift high our voices in mighty endeavor,
And join with our sainted ones' heavenly glee,
They surely will lend us their aid now and ever
To give greater eclat to our Jubilee.

The bells and the breezes take up the gay anthem
And bear it along on the crest of the wave,
And the mighty Pacific, as before it hath sent them,
Shall bosom them now in a Jubilee grave.
So ring the glad numbers, dear Sisters, O ring them,
Let echo still echo o'er mountain and lea,
To hymn your thanksgiving while angels do sing them,
Make merry with them on this Gold Jubilee.

May heaven, itself, with its myriad beauties,
Rejoice in your joy and blessings bestow,
May the choicest of gifts come to sweeten your duties
This day, as on that first one a long time ago.
God prosper you, Sisters, God bless and protect you,
The prayer of each heart, of each one, of me;
And give you much joy, no sadness affect you,
But gladsome and glorious this Gold Jubilee.

SR. I. H., *Nun of the Good Shepherd.*

September, 1904.

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# Venerable Nano Nagle

THE PRESENTATION ORDER was founded by the Ven. Nano Nagle, in Ireland, in 1775. That period was the darkest in Ireland's sad history. To the horrors of war, imprisonment, confiscation and expatriation, the usurper added the curse of ignorance. The churches, colleges and academies were ruined, the schools forbidden and every avenue to education closed. Nano's father, however, being one of the nobility, managed to get her to a Paris school, and, "being gifted with superior talents, she fulfilled in every particular the expectation of her friends, uniting with an agreeable person the most engaging manners and the most lasting attractions of a cultivated mind."* Having finished her studies, she remained for a short time in the entrancing city with her relatives, who were frequent guests at the court of Louis XV. Her pure, young heart soon tired of the gay Parisian surroundings, and she returned to her native land, having resolved to devote her life and ample fortune to the education of the children of her despairing country. The obstacles confronting her from the very beginning of her resolution were appalling. Two hundred years of State imposed ignorance caused the people to see no use in education. The Ecclestiastical authorities, disheartened and cowed, were opposed to her. Her relatives, fearful of her success, were up against her. She overcame every difficulty that ignorance, worldly prudence or fear of unjust laws could invent. She collected the children; she taught them; she founded the Order of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. She imparted to its members her own spirit of love and labor for the little ones of Christ.

God rewarded her courage, self-sacrifice and perseverance. He blessed her work. Her congregation was sanctioned by Pope Pius VI. and it was confirmed as a solemn Order by Pope Pius VII. Her convents are today spread over Ireland, England, United States, Australia, Tasmania and British India. In the three last countries their schools are accredited to the State universities.

Life and Labors of Nano Nagle.

Our space does not permit us further details, but to those who ask, "Why does not Nano Nagle wear the costume of her sisterhood?" we reply: Because when she founded her Order the penal laws established by England in Ireland, made it a felony to do so; and when Nano Nagle divested herself of her rich apparel to devote herself to the duties of her vocation, she donned the dress of a peasant matron, that she and her companions might escape being imprisoned for the crime of educating a people that the hatred and injustice of the usurpers had condemned to ignorance.

It is interesting to note that at the recent visit of the Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, Papal Legate, to Ireland, the Rev. Innocent Ryan, in the course of his address to the Cardinal at the convent in Thurles, said: "The Presentation Order was founded one hundred and thirty years ago by Nano Nagle, the process of whose canonization it was expected would soon be in the hands of His Eminence." His Eminence replied, expressing his delight at having come into close acquaintance with the Nuns of the Order. Regarding the canonization of their holy foundress, he hoped that cause would in time be confided to his hands and he promised to use all energy to speed it.

We refer our readers to Father Tom Burke's sermon at the centenary of the Order in 1875. Also to Dr. Hatch's

*(Dr. Coppinger's Life of Nano Nagle, 1843.)

# Father Burke's Eulogy of Nano Nagle

(REV. T. N. BURKE, O.P.)

*Sermon preached at the Centenary of the Presentation Order, in the Chapel of the Mother House, Cork.*

THE Lord chose new wars, and He, Himself, overthrew the gates of the enmies; a shield and spear was not seen among forty thousand of Israel. The valiant men ceased, and rested in Israel until Deborah arose, a mother arose in Israel. * * * Arise, arise, O Deborah, arise, arise, and utter a canticle."—Judges, ch. v.

*Dearly Beloved*: One of the most sacred duties of a people is to commemorate, in a grateful spirit, the graces that they have received from Almighty God; and amongst those graces perhaps the greatest of all is when God sends to His people some great mind, some master spirit, some intellect capable of grasping the future, of foreseeing things that are to come, and of making provision for the life of a nation. Such a one was the woman of whom the Scripture speaks in the words of my text. Israel had fallen under the heavy hand of its enemies, there was no strength left in the land, the right arm of the warrior seemed to be palsied, the shield fell from the hand that was no longer able to uphold it, the spear that should be erect lay upon the ground. "Shield and spear was not seen among forty thousand in Israel." The enemy seemed to have worked his way and wrought his will upon the people of God, and their very life seemed crushed out beneath his heel; and the Almighty God, the inspired writer tells us, "chose new wars." Then the people revived again into another, a newer, a better life; and the author, under God, of that new life was a glorious woman, who arose as a mother to Israel, Debora, who rallied the forces of an exhausted people, and taught them the secret of a new life and a nobler.

I remember, some time ago, being struck with words which I met in some author, who said that Ireland seemed to be the Judea of the modern world. The Irish seemed to have the same destiny as the Hebrews of old. I am willing to accept his words, and I believe that in the histories of those two peoples there are many and most striking analogies.



**Venerable Nano Nagle**
Foundress of the Presentation Order

None more than in this: That at the crisis of our national history, when the Lord opened up new wars, a mother arose in the land, a Debora appeared before the eyes of our people, and her name and her memory is in our minds and upon our lips today. It was Nano Nagle.

For two hundred years Ireland lay, her people pressed down under the heavy hand of a merciless usurper. All that political and national oppression could have conceived had already been put in force against her, when in that dread sixteenth century there arose a third demon —the demon of religious persecution; and it was no longer the social rank nor the nationality of the Irishman that was his crime, but his principal crime became his religion and his allegiance to his God. Well, dearly beloved, the nation that before had been a nation of warriors, of national heroes, had to consent, as a condition of their existence, to become a nation of martyrs. For two hundred years Ireland stood in the presence of her terrible and unrelenting foe, and blood touched blood throughout the land, when the Lord God removed the enemy of our faith and of our religion, and opened up new wars, another battlefield hitherto unknown. For in the days of Ireland's worst national calamities, colleges and schools were found everywhere throughout the land; the tradition of Ireland's learning, which in the early ages of Christianity made her the light of the world—an Island of Saints—that tradition remained, and was carried on gloriously until a new war was proclaimed, and this was when the penal laws prohibited, under penalties of confiscation, exile and ruin, the most sacred work of education. The enemy had tried our constancy and found that we were equal to the task of defending our national rights. The enemy had tried our constancy and found that on every battlefield, no matter how disastrous the result was, there was defeat, there was death, but there never was dishonor. Then he changed his plan, and said, If I can only stultify this people, if I can only paralyze the rational and intellectual life which is in them, if I can only strike them with the curse of stupidity and ignorance, if I can only brutalize them by stopping up every avenue of education, and leave them perfectly untaught and ignorant, then, perhaps, I may succeed in degrading and destroying them. And consequently, in time, those laws which a great statesman calls the ferocious and brutal enactments of King William III. and Queen Anne, the object of which was to make penal, under penalty of banishment, fine, confiscation, or imprisonment, for any Catholic in Ireland, child, man or woman, to teach or to be taught!

Now, put it to yourselves. We live in an age of toleration, when all the blessings of religious freedom have come home to us. I want you to consider how your forefathers were in that day when, if a Catholic was found teaching, or a Catholic child was found being taught, nothing remained but imprisonment or a fine of 20 pounds which, under the circumstances of the time, meant for the majority of our people, ruin and confiscation by the State. What was the consequences of this? Every school in the land was closed, every teacher was silenced, and the people were condemned to that worst of all curses, the curse of ignorance—that curse of ignorance in which the soul dies, though the body may continue to live; that curse of ignorance which Almighty God, Himself, declares to be the most dire form of vengeance that can fall upon a people. For the prophet Osee tells us: "Thus saith the Lord: My people have been silent, because they had no knawledge."

The voice of praise was hushed, the accents of prayer could be no longer heard, there was no rational and intellectual life left in them. Such was the state to which our enemies, and the enemies of our faith and of our nation, tried to reduce the Irish people. Oh! it is hard to be patient under the recollection of it. Oh! it is hard to keep even Christian charity, when we consider the wrongs that were inflicted upon those who are in their graves. Only that we see, side by side with so much persecution, that effusion of divine grace which kept alive the faith, the highest form of intellectuality—a miracle of divine aid, helping and aiding the most abandoned of all peoples on the face of the earth! It was a sight to move the angels of God to weep—a whole nation condemned to that ignorance, to that brutalising want of knowledge which induces savagery, puts an end to society, and destroys every rational and intellectual element in the existence of man.

To such were our people reduced a hundred years ago. One hundred years ago not a single Catholic school for the education of a single Catholic child could be found in Ireland. No one dared to do it; no one dared to teach under penalties such as I have described to you; and the people who had resisted so long and so valiantly, found in this new war that they had no resource. Down fell the shield and spear—"shield and spear was not found amongst forty thousand in Israel"—but the great God had left our people that principle of faith, and their constancy was secured by His divine grace in this new war, this new form of persecution. Debora arose—a mother arose in the land—a woman's hand grasped the spear that was to conquer in this new war, and to the honor and glory of this ancient and most Catholic city, that woman was Nano Nagle, one of our fellow citizens. She brought to her work four most important qualities. She brought, first of all, the grace of God, which had preserved her in virginal innocence and purity, and kept in her heart a sealed fountain of the love of Jesus Christ. She knew no other love. She lived in the world for a long time. She had tasted the world's joys largely, in the highest and most intellectual and refined forms; but she never found in the worldly attractions around her, anything so fair and so captivating as the image of Jesus Christ, as was revealed to her by divine faith; and therefore she loved Him with all her heart from the beginning, and never knew another love, and she was a virgin. This the highest form of divine grace, was the first secret of her great strength. Secondly, she brought to the service of God and to the great task that was before her, great devotedness. She had no cranny or corner of her heart that was reserved for self. Her work was before her, and to that work she gave every element and every feeling of her nature, and of her womanhood. Thirdly, she brought to that work a trained and highly cultivated intellect. Fourthly, she brought the help of an ample fortune, and like the widow in the Gospel, she gave her all into the treasury of the temple. She poured into it not, indeed, the widow's mite, but resources that might have furnished her with all the means of worldly luxury.

Such was the woman who came into this city more than a hundred years ago—came from the very center of the most refined civilization, stepped down from the association of the highest society in the French capital, left behind her many whom the world would call her admirers and lovers, came into this city of Cork and looked around her. She looked around her not only here but throughout the land, and was horror-stricken at the desolation she saw before her, and that desolation was, as I said, the



Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, O. P., D. D.

curse of ignorance. If it had continued but for one generation it would have destroyed the Irish people. Not a vestige of our faith, not a vestige of the morality and purity that is the endowment of that faith and is not to be found, practically and popularly, outside that faith—not a vestige would remain of Irish faith, Irish purity, and Irish virtue, if only the curse had been allowed to remain for one generation upon the land. She came, she saw, but she reflected more deeply than ordinary minds on the things that she saw; and she saw if this fallen people are to be saved, if their degradation is to be removed, if their ancient faith is to be saved to them, and their grand old morality preserved amongst them, it was by one means, and by one means alone, and that was by getting hold of the women, of the womanhood of Ireland, the fountain head of morality, the source of all virtue, the preserving element of all that is good and holy in society. Womanhood! "The woman," says the Holy Ghost, "shall guard, save and protect the man." Woman is the savior; woman has to sanctify the domestic heart. Woman is for man what Mary the Virgin was, the restorer of the whole world. Well did Nano Nagle see this.

She saw in her pious and holy meditations, that there was a profound mystery in that tradition of the Church, which tells us that when the Blessed Virgin was yet a little child she was brought by her holy parents, Saints Joachim and Anne, to the temple; that she was there offered to God, presented to the high priest, and admitted amongst the college of young and noble maidens who received the highest education that could then be given. They were learned in reading the ancient scrolls of the law; their hands were trained to the art of delicately embroidering the sacred vestments of the priests. They were taught in all the learning then in vogue in the land, and amongst these the Blessed Virgin Mary, one day destined to be the Mother of God, was consecrated and presented in the Temple. On this mystery above all others in her mind, Nano Nagle dwelt, and it revealed to her this great fact: There was this child, one day to grow to womanhood, and through her instrumentality, through the very fruit of her womb, through the blood of her blood, Almighty God was to save the world; and by taking His sacred humanity and assuming it into His Godhead, through Mary, He was about to raise us up to a pinnacle of glory such as we never could otherwise have attained. She saw the future Mary prefigured in the Presntation of the Blessed Virgin. She saw the parents bringing their children there as Mary was brought to receive all the education and all the refining influences of knowledge that the world could give, in order to make her, as far as man could do it, fit for the very glorious and exalted thing God had had in store for her; and she comprehended in that mystery that education, especially the education of the female sex, is the most exigent want of society. For, as through the Mother of God, the Almighty and eternal God took that humanity in which he saved the world; and as Mary was the chief instrument—I may say the only indispensible one—in that adorable mystery of the Incarnation; as it was Mary's son that, by dying upon the Cross, saved us; as it was the blood, that was taken from Mary's pure womb, that flowed from the veins of God and redeemed us, so it was with the destiny of the Christian woman to the redeeming element, the purifying element, the saving element in society.

But for this, she must receive the primary blessing of education. This the mind of Nano Nagle grasped; this great mystery filled her intellect with thoughts, filled her heart with desires and with love; and so she devoted herself and her fortune, her enlightened and trained intellect, her health, her strength, her life, to this great work. She is, strictly and historically, truly the mother of Irish Catholic education. She is the Debora who turned the tide, the woman who took up the lance that had fallen from the hands of the brave and strong, when "it was not found amongst forty thousand in Israel." She is the woman whom God chose and whom He raised up to be the mother of that Irish Catholic education which has preserved our faith, preserved the glory of the purity and morality of our Irish womanhood, which has sent us forth to the ends of the earth to be apostles to nations, which has achieved the greatest victory of modern times, namely, the victory of Ireland's faith and apostleship over all the powers of darkness. Such was this woman. Now, dearly beloved, we find that Almighty God invariably bestows upon each person the graces which fit him or her for the labor that is to be done. God does not waste His gifts. He gives with a large hand, but He does not give imprudently. He does not give unwisely or indiscriminately. A man is chosen by God to do a certain thing, and he receives special graces which fit him specially to do that thing. Thus, for instance, the Knight of Malta of old, Simon de Montfort, and many others whom I could mention; they were not distinguished for any great power of prayer, for power of miracles, for any great asceticism of character, but good men and true, and in God's holy grace; but their specific grace was that which served their arm on the day on which they drew the sword for the cause of God and His holy Church, and be the bravest of the brave. God raises men and women to be the founders of some religious orders, and gives them two specific graces, prudence and bravery. And so, throughout, Almighty God gives His graces wisely—largely, but wisely. Now consider what graces He conferred on this great woman—this refined lady of the world—to this lady accustomed to the luxuries and elegancies of the world, who had never seen poverty in any repulsive shape, who never knew of their specific wants. What graces did God give her? He gave her, my dearly beloved, the grace of divine charity, and charity especially for the poor of her own sex. She was a lover of her sex, her whole heart was devoted to them, she gave herself entirely to them. Her great mind took in their present miseries and their future wants; she provided for and foresaw them. She was a woman of women. This I consider one of the most beautiful and innate features of her character. She loved with all her heart her own sex; she loved them in her earliest childhood, and made provision for their education; she loved them in their old age and in their desolation, and her kind heart and great, munificent hand founded and opened an asylum which to this day exists among you and bears her name. She loved them all. She loved them even when she saw them wandering away and losing every vestige of purity, which makes woman beautiful in the sight of God. When their souls were blackened and their bodies defiled, even in the depths of their degradation they were not able to forfeit her love. Even in the darkness of the night, in the pollution of the streets, she followed her fallen sister, and before the fallen one could turn around and shed one tear had clasped her to her virgin bosom. Her most chaste, most beautiful and most intellectual form of charity was devoted to her sex, and was most efficacious in its results.



Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D.

Well, she came to Cork and commenced her work. Everything was against her in this city. First of all, there was the traditions of degraded ignorance. The people had forgotten their ancient life. One hundred years ago the people of Ireland were settling rapidly down into that indifference, that carelessness, that contempt of knowledge which is the worst curse of a nation. That which they were deprived of, that which they ceased to possess, they ceased also to desire. Secondly, the parents of the children had to be stirred up by constant and laborious visitations, by speaking to them, by describing to them the beauty of that knowledge of which they had never tasted. The law was against her. If she founded a school in Cork, she must resign her princely fortune, she must put off her ladylike robe, and wear a convict's dress. The ecclesiastical authorities of the time, broken-spirited and cowed, were opposed to her. They raised difficulties suggested by what has been called the virtue of prudence. There is a prudence which seems to clothe itself in the form of virtue, but which, in truth, is very often another name for cowardice. But even if the Catholics were timid and subdued and cowed in mind, it was only the natural result of 200 years of persecution. Against all these, this great, valiant woman, this Debora of Ireland, arose; she conquered every difficulty, she defeated them all. And she was wise. For although the Catholic Church teaches obedience to law, obedience to rulers, even to those who are not governing justly, yet when a law is established in defiance of every primary principle of right; when a law is set to cut off a nation's intellectual life, to brutalize and degrade a people; when the law comes to pronounce a sentence of worse than mere corporal death; a sentence of intellectual and spiritual death; when a law comes to stand between a people and the altars of God—that law binds no man, cannot bind, because it wants the first element of law, the principle of eternal justice. Accordingly, she calmly, but most properly—because she wanted not to become a heroine, but she wanted to succeed without openly defying the law. She so conciliated the powers that were, that she was permitted to open a school in Cork. First of all, she fixed her eyes upon the Ursuline Order, founded by St. Angela. She brought them here to Cork. She was their second mother, and in heaven, where I believe she is today, St. Angela, the foundress of the Ursulines must acknowledge in Nano Nagle, the second foundress of her Order, the woman who brought those Nuns first to Ireland, the woman who gave them that missionary impetus which has spread them over the face of the Catholic world without violating in the least degree the monastic spirit, but enabling them to combine the missionary life with that of the cloister, with the monastic system; who sent them forth to be as they are today in every land, the glory of the Catholic Church. But still the Ursuline Order did not fit completely into the designs or the views of Nano Nagle.

She belonged to the poor; for them she lived, for them she labored, for them she died. And, consequently, Almighty God inspired her with the thought of founding an Order that would represent her own spirit in all its integrity—her own heart, her own desires, her own energies. This Order arose under the name of the Presentation Order. She recalled that mystery which she loved to contemplate; she saw that the woman was to be formed in the child; she saw that the day when the Archangel, flashing in the presence of Mary, Mary would not understand his message but for the teaching she had had in the early days. She saw before all the future of the Irish people; that the present misery was to be but the beginning of their woes. She opened a school and a convent into which she infused her own spirit, and so the Presentation Order began on this very spot where we now stand. For six years in the hard profession of a Presentation Nun, she lived here. The world knew nothing of her except as a woman seen passing through the city at all hours. Every morning she was seen going to the school, where she labored, and every evening returning to her convent, where she was the life and soul of those who, like herself, were tired from the labors of the day. As an angel of Almighty God seeking the very gates of hell, she went with lantern in hand seeking her fallen sisters, breathing into their ears the name they had possibly never heard before—the name of Jesus! At night she returned home to her convent, accompanied by those whom grace attached to her, and followed by the longing glances of the poor. For six years she thus lived; such a life as hers cannot last long. There are two kinds of life attached to each of us, my dearly beloved brethren. The old pagan said, and said well, Non omnis moriar. We have each of us something more than a mere domestic life, crossed and fretted by a thousand sorrows. After all our mortal life is given up with us on our death bed. There is still another life for us—the life that lives after we are gone. The aroma of our example still lives after us. The influence of our words and the aroma of our acts live after us, and that is our second life. The religious life of Nano Nagle was circumscribed; she could not have lived much longer, because she had already passed thirty years in the slavery of her devotion to the poor. She starved herself to feed them, she trembled in her poor garments to clothe them; she gave them all the resources of her great intellect. She lavished upon them the treasures of her great heart. She expended upon the resources of her ample fortune, and made herself the poorest of the poor, so that through the streets of your city she begged from door to door in order to be able to carry out her designs. And how were her nights spent at this time? They were sleepless nights, rendered restless by thoughts of others. Nights after nights were spent in the silent church before the altar of God, upon the bare stones. She prayed hour after hour. Four times a day she chastiseed her body, her virgin flesh; twice a week she fasted upon bread and water. All those things were so quietly performed, so hidden, that it was only after her death, when her sisters came to prepare her for the grave, that they found them out. Then they found her feet lacerated from kneeling on the bare flags, her virgin body torn with the scourge. After six years in her profession, she died.



Most Rev. George Montgomery, D. D.

# *The Order's Symbol

THE stately oak stands proud and strong
In forest, lawn and lea,
Where'er it waves through Northern Skies
Or by the Western Sea.
Its spreading branches playful droop
To zephyr's gentle sighs,
And trembling foliage fans the breeze
As keener winds arise;
The bough bends low, it sways to catch
The mountain's furious blast,
The raging tempest seeks to break
This tree, to earth to cast;
It writhes, it moans, while onward sweeps
The wild and mighty storm,
But tempest o'er it stands serene
In bold, majestic form.
In sweet seclusion's balmy air,
Alone—a warden grand—
Or perfumed by the ocean's breeze
Above the barren strand;
'Mid smiling blossoms sweetly pure,
In verdant mead's soft glow,
Or 'mong the spreading chestnuts, draped
In winter's fleecy snow;
Fair oak, thro' nature's changing scenes,
In modest grandeur stands
A tribute to the God of Love,
A gift from His own hands.
Time writes no wrinkle on its brow,
No wealth of years decays,
Its richer tints and golden hues
Shine forth with length of days.
On holy Erin's fruitful soil
There stands another Tree
Once planted by a valiant woman
Beside the River Lee;
Toil its early fertilizer,
The Cross its morning dew,
Heavenly charity full and splendid,
Holds forth its name to view;
Virtues modest round it circle,
But fearless work for souls
Sounds the note of glad awakening
That Erin now beholds.

O, noble Presentation Order!
Learning's majestic tree!
You bloom and rear your leafy crown
By forest, lawn and lea;
In torrid climes 'neath Southern Cross
And burning sun's bright ray,
Or watered by Atlantic's wave,
Or fair Newfoundland's Bay;
In lands where Freedom loves to dwell,
Where peace and joy abound,
Or where in thraldom's surly train
Dread discontent is found.
In every sphere you brave the blast
Of pride and false renown,
And teach Christ's little ones to seek
The great, unfading crown.
Your life-long task is one of zeal—
To mold the heart of youth,
Therein to plant with ceaseless care
A love of God and Truth.
In the onward march of progress,
Fair Science path you tread,
Successes ever round you circle,
Their brilliant lustre shed;
Yet in this modern search for fame
At bright Apollo's shrine,
God's greater glory is your motto,
His standard your ensign;
Onwards, upwards mark the pathway
Where Duty and where Love
Seek no gaudy, earthly guerdon,
Their meed is from above.
Valiant Order, bloom and flourish
In this garden of the West,
Till the trumpet sounds the summons
To our Everlasting Rest.

—*C. H. X.*
A Pupil of The Presentation.

**NOTE*—The oak is the emblematic tree of the Presentation Order. Should one visit the convents in Europe he would find pictures of large oaks laden with acorns in every parlor of the Presentation Convents. Printed on the acorns are the names of all the branch houses throughout the world.—*Ed.*

# A Glance Over the Past to the Present

THE great anniversary year of our Heavenly Mother's Immaculate Conception is an auspicious year for the Presentation Nuns of this country, for in it occurs the fiftieth anniversary, or Golden Jubilee, of the first foundation made by the daughters of Nano Nagle within the present boundary of the United States. The story of the pioneer nuns has been told in other places besides the annals of the convent; hence a short notice is all we attempt here.

In the year 1854 the Rev. Hugh Gallagher, who was returning from a visit to Rome, was commissioned to go to Ireland for the purpose of securing sisterhoods for the new Archdiocese. Four Presentation Sisters of the convent in Middleton, County Cork, and one from the convent in Kilkenny, volunteered for the distant mission. At that period, in the last century, travel was not as free from inconvenience as it is now. There were no magnificent Atlantic and Pacific liners, no palatial overland trains, or other modern luxuries. The quintet of brave missionaries left their beautiful island home on the 21st day of September, and reached New York after a voyage of eighteen days. They were happy to have had the Sisters of



Rev. Hugh Gallagher

Mercy, destined also for San Francisco, as companions on the vessel. Although the Sisters of Mercy were the first to respond to the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany's invitation, the Presentation Nuns preceded them from New York to Panama, where their ship arrived after three weeks' more tossing on the wild Atlantic and over the Mexican Gulf. The railway across the isthmus was incomplete, and the greater part of the journey to the western shore of the continent was made on the backs of trained mules, who followed their own sweet wills over precipices, through muddy swamps and deep rivers and the dense forests of the tropics, to the evident terror and discomfort of the inexperienced riders. Panama was reached in safety, the mules coming in single file, and long intervals elapsing between each arrival, so that the first comers had time to be lost in painful bewilderment as to the fate of their companions before the latter reached port. All were dripping wet, covered with mud and exhausted from hunger, thirst and fatigue, not knowing where to turn. Providence sent them an unknown friend, who got them shelter and refreshment till the ship sailed for San Francisco next day. They arrived in our city on the 13th of November, but, to their dismay, there was no friend to meet them, the Most Rev. Archbishop being absent on the visitation of his extensive diocese. It must be remembered San Francisco was not then the beautiful city on the hills by the sea that it is at the beginning of the twentieth century. In those pioneer days it was little more than a cosmopolitan sandhill settlement, with its distinct quarters for the Spanish, French, Italian, and Chinese, who were mostly vendors of their characteristic wares to the extravagant miners of every nationality, who came hither to dispose of the treasures they delved from the mountains in the surrounding counties. The Sisters found none to welcome them, no home to shelter them. However, the good Sisters of Charity gave them hospitality until the Rev. Father Harrington—then in minor orders,—Mr. Fenton and Judge Robert Tobin, with a few kind friends, offered assistance and rented a small house on Green street, where the Sisters at once opened a school. These quarters were too crowded, and a larger place, near Meigg's wharf, was substituted. The accommodation was of the most meagre kind; the pupils had to be taught in the halls, on the narrow stairway and in the cramped yard. Success under these circumstances seemed impossible—no convent, no money, no prospects, no welcome, because they were then cloistered, and supposed to be of little use in a pioneer city, not yet laid out. Three of the Sisters lost hope and returned to their native land. At the request,



The Second School and Convent on Powell Street in 1854 and 1855.

entreaty and promise of support of Archbishop Alemany, two remained. These were Mother Mary Teresa Comerford and Mother M. Xavier Daly. The saintly Archbishop proved what he promised to be—their best and truest friend.

The residents of North Beach, seeing the good results of the school system of these two valiant women, gradually became interested and resolved to provide proper accommodation for the extension and continuance of their work. A building committee was formed, and, by the generous co-operation of its members, the present convent on Powell street was erected and the two Sisters moved into it, from the decrepit shanty on the opposite corner, on the 3d of December, 1855. The school attendance rapidly increased, and it is wonderful the work that was accomplished therein. This year, also, their first postulant entered. She was Miss Cassin, afterwards Sister Mary Joseph. She was



Rev. J. P. Harrington

of a lively, amiable disposition and possessed an exquisite voice, which qualities, joined to the more necessary virtues of obedience and love of duty, made her an acquisition to the little community. To Mother Mary Xavier Daly's tact and born talent for teaching the great success of the school was mainly due, while Mother Theresa's legislative ability, her personal attractions and pleasing manners, with great zeal and charity, drew a host of friends and benefactors through whose patronage and benefactions, difficulties were cleared away.

Many of the pupils, after completing their education, entered the novitiate, and are, to this day, some of the most devoted and useful teachers of the community. The work had so progressed in 1859 that an additional lot on Powell street was purchased and new schools erected thereon, which were ready for occupancy in 1860.

Now that the Powell Street Convent had every faculty for educational purposes, and was free from debt, Mother M. Theresa, in response to the counsel of many friends of the Order, directed her attention toward founding the convent on Taylor and Ellis streets. The first difficulty, want of means, was never an obstacle to anything she purposed to do for God. Mother M. Xavier Daly, her successor as Superior of Powell street, used to say: "Anything Mother Teresa prays for she gets." Many friends responded to her appeal, and the late Marquis Dan Murphy gave her twenty thousand dollars to purchase the lot on which the Sacred Heart Presentation Convent stands. The first stone of that convent was laid on the 26th of September, 1868, and the building was completed by the end of March, 1869. On the eve of Pentecost of that year, Mother M. Teresa, with seven Sisters, left the Mother House to take possession of the convent. The Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany accompanied them. On the feast of Pentecost the convent was dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by Bishop Amat and a number of priests. On May 24th, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, the schools were opened to pupils. The attendance was so large that after a few months the building of additional class-rooms became imperative. They were completed before the end of the year. The chapel had up to that time been used as a class-room. It was now adorned to be the permanent abode of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Since 1869 many other Catholic schools have been established, and yet Taylor street has lost none of its popularity. The attendance has always been large, and the pupils have maintained the honor of the Institute by their culture and efficiency in the various walks of life. Taylor Street had been founded eight years when Mother Teresa was invited to found a convent in Berkeley. At that time (1877), the University city was a scattered, unsettled village, without roads, half-hour trains or electric cars. It contained a few Protestant churches, but Catholic service was only held once a month in a loft over a stable. Mother Mary Teresa's indomitable zeal was not to be overcome. The late Mr. James McGee donated three acres of land to her, and then she had recourse to prayer; and soon as usual, kind friends came with the means wherewith to build. The present St. Joseph's Academy was founded on the 27th of June, 1878. Class-rooms, connected by rolling doors, were used as a church on Sundays for five years following, which was a source of much labor and inconvenience to the teachers. The present St. Joseph's Church was built by the Rev. Dr. Comerford, on the convent ground. He, on various occasions, helped the Sisters with large donations, not only when he was pastor but since he retired. The condition of the convent progressed with the town, and at present the attendance has so increased at the day and boarding school that additions are being built to accommodate large numbers of applicants for whom there was no room. The Sisters teach, in separate buildings, numbers of boys until they finish the grammar grades.

From the Berkeley Convent, in 1879, Mother Teresa founded the now flourishing convent of Kilcock, Ireland, from which she intended to recruit subjects for her foreign missions. This project she never realized. She returned from Ireland in 1881, and died at the Sacred Heart Presentation Convent, on Taylor street, after a long and painful illness borne with saintly patience. She was interred in the cemetery of the Berkeley Convent. She was, indeed, a valiant woman, possessed of all the virtues that adorn the true religious.

At the pressing solicitation of the late Father Esser, a small convent was built by the Mother House close to the church in historic Sonoma. In July 1882, the recently deceased Mother M. Angela Shea, with six Sisters, left Powell Street to take possession and open the school. When they arrived at their destination they found that, owing to some oversight, the convent was not yet habitable, and they were obliged to accept the kind hospitality of the late Colonel Hooper and his excellent wife at his beautiful villa of Sobre Vista. Colonel Hooper was ever after a friend to the convent, and when the villa passed to other hands, two exquisite stained-glass windows that had been in their private chapel were given to the nuns for their Oratory of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The late Mrs. Kate Johnson, of Buena Vista, was the first and last to leave them a bequest, which was of great service when their convent was injured by the fire that destroyed their church in Sonoma.

Sonoma is one of the oldest towns in California, having been founded by the early Franciscan missionaries who dedicated the church to St. Francis Solano. The Sisters' School has kept up a fair attendance in the face of many difficulties, and for some years they have gone every Saturday to assemble the children of Glen Ellen (where there is no church) to give them catechism and instruction.

The Convents of the Presentation throughout the world have been founded as separate and independent communities. Mother M. Teresa Comerford's love for her Order and her spiritual children led her to ardently desire that the convents founded by her and from her foundations should be under one common head. She was about to solicit that privilege when her last illness withdrew her from active work, and too soon she was called to her reward. To His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, the union of the convents of the Archdiocese is due. His Grace obtained from the Holy See, in the year 1888, authority to unite the houses in his Archdiocese under one common Superior, who should reside at the Mother House. This, with other modifications from the same holy source, has brought many blessings to the Sisterhood and widened their sphere to do good for the children whom they educate and the churches to which they are respectively attached. Since then, the attendance of the pupils has greatly increased, and the Novitiate has had a larger number of recruits. New buildings for the novices were bought near the Mother House in 1900.

SISTER MARY ———

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The Third Convent on Powell Street and Russian Hill in 1860

# The Crowning of the Years

YIELD up, Ah! yield your treasures, ye silent gold-crowned years—
Your lutes in mystic measures, attuned to smiles and tears,
We fain would hear evoking, in numbers tender, true,
Sweet echoes from the dreaming, which long hath fettered you.
'Tis true, 'twas but a dreaming: your soul-throbs never slept;
Your deeds, like jewels gleaming, in God's own heart were kept;
Where lost was ne'er one sparkle; where dimmed was ne'er one ray;
Ah! years, well may earth marvel that ye are crowned today!

That back Time's golden curtain is rolled by angel hands.
That on God's regal mountain revealed—your record stands.

Ye passers, say, how reads it? what saintly deeds doth tell!
What gems of virtue o'er it doth cast their radiant spell!
What pure, angelic faces give forth a heavenly sheen!
As pictured on its pages, our hearts from earth they wean!
And see those other faces—Christ's little ones they are—
Bright framed in heaven-sent graces, nor time, nor death can mar.
Ah! Years, Ah! Years, we greet you!—your worth the golden key
Which opes the path to meet you; to crown your Jubilee!

S. M. L



Noviciate of the Order on Lombard Street.



Presentation Convent, Powell Street—Mother House.

# Rev. Mother Mary Teresa Comerford

SUBMISSIVE to her summons sweet,
One bright autumnal day,
I sought with sad, yet willing, feet,
Her new-built cloister's calm retreat
Across the shining Bay.

It was, she said, "to bid adieu
But for a season's space."
Alas! Alas! I little knew,
O, friend so tender, pure and true,
That on thy living face

So bright, so fresh with holiest life,
Whose glance could banish pain;
Whose smile with saintly sweetness rife,
Could soothe my widest spirit-strife,
I ne'er might look again!

She uttered words of counsel wise,
And consolation sweet;
With soul outshining from her eyes,
She spake of Duty's high emprise,
And calm Perfections heights that rise
Above Earth's desert heat.

And then she breathed her fond farewell,
And o'er the shining Bay,
Back where the world's "drear noises" swell;
Back, where its careworn legions dwell,
Once more I took my way.

And she unto her native land
Rejoicing sped, to train
Her glorious missionary band,
Her toilers for the harvest grand,
Far o'er the Western main.

Time passed—till she whose heart so yearned
Their westward guide to be,
Whose spirit's zeal too fiercely burned
For its frail shrine, for rest, returned
Unto the sunset sea.

She found it—dreamless, calm and deep—
A never-ending rest!
Where Love doth "give His loved ones sleep"—
Where white-robed throngs their Sabbath keep,
By life's "still waters" blest.

Submissive to a summons sent
From out her loved retreat,
With sad, reluctant steps I went
Where thou, O heart, with sorrow rent,
Hadst hoped, when exile's time was spent,
Her glad return to greet.

Alas! from out her mourning band
No smiling mother came
To tell of hopes and prospects grand,
To shrine with tender clasp my hand,
And fondly breathe my name.

They led me to a coffin, dressed
With blossoms' bright array,
And there, in Death's mysterious rest,
With cold hands crossed on pulseless breast
Serene and still she lay.

The sad and solemn rites went on,
The requiem low was sung;
The tapers shed soft rays upon
The placid features, pale and wan;
And then, while dirges rung

They bore, still draped with blossoms sweet,
That silent form away,
Where rev'rent hands its grave-bed meet
Had made, within her loved retreat,
Across the shining Bay.

There, treasured by her orphaned band,
Her holy dust shall be—
And there her softly-breathed command
Shall seem to sound; her guiding hand
In dreams they still shall see.

O, holy tomb! from world-unrest,
Its "burden and its heat,"
'Twere well to seek thy silence blest,
And find repose for tortured breast,
And rest for way-worn feet.

And from the soul, whose casket lies
Within thy depths, to learn
The charm of Duty's high emprise,
And where Perfection's heights arise,
With steadfast steps to turn.

And from those heights to life's home, near,
To pass when toil is o'er—
And with her, through the endless years
To dwell, nor weep sad, farewell tears,
Nor mourn death's partings more.

—*Marie.*



Mary Teresa Comerford

# Rev. Mother Xavier Daly

While radiant flowers, with fragrant breath
And sparkling glory, welcome May,
Thy darkening wing, O Angel Death,
O'ershadows all its darkening day.

For hearts that bend in grief above
A cherished Mother's hallowed bier,
But to her soul of zeal and love
Thou wert, O Death, God's herald here.

Bearing glad tidings of good things,
The guerdon of her earnest life,
Of noble deeds, fed by Faith's springs,
And perseverance in the strife.

Then, for thy wealth of fruitful hours,
May thy reward exceeding be—
A priceless crown of fadeless flowers,
This is our constant prayer for thee.

Spouse of our Lord, kind Mother, friend,
As round our Lady's shrine we pray,
Our heartfelt wish will still ascend—
May light and peace be thine for aye.

A pioneer in life, and still
In death thou art a pioneer;
Thou restest, by God's mysterious will,
Afar from all who hold thee dear.

Beneath the Cross's sheltering care,
What meeter resting place for thee,
Than 'neath the standard thou didst bear
So bravely by our sunset sea.

—*Annie C. Griffith.*

MANY of the former pupils of the Powell Street Convent have frequently asked for a sketch of M. Xavier Daly's life, hence the following brief notice may be of interest to them.

She was born in Cork, Ireland, early in the last century, and received in baptism the name of Louisa. She was one of a family of eighteen children. Her mother died when she was about nine years old, but her good father tenderly loved his children and spared no expense from his ample means to procure for his offspring every educational advantage. He took Louisa with two or three of her sisters to France for some years where they learned the languages and other branches. It was in France she made her first Communion, and she often in her old age referred to the thorough instruction she received from the Abbe of the Church in which that important event took place. When she returned to her native land, she was sent to the Ursulines at Waterford to complete her studies. She possessed many accomplishments, and felt that she was responsible to God for the use she would make of them. When she came back to her father's country seat she opened a free school for the children of his tenants and dependents, where she and her sister taught the young peasants till other provision was made for their education. This left her free to enter the Irish Sisters of Charity—a congregation founded for the service of the poor and afflicted. Though Louisa loved the poor, she felt that she was not called to that Institute, but rather to the teaching order of the Presentation. Accordingly, before the completion of her probation, she applied for admission to the Presentation Convent at Midleton. Her vocation was so pronounced that she was admitted, and made her vows in the year 1844, taking the name of Sister Mary Xavier. For ten years she devoted herself with unremitting zeal to teach the children in the classes appointed by her Superiors. At the end of that period a foundation of nuns was called to San Francisco, and Sr. M. Xavier was one of the first selected for the mission. Her love of labor and her self-forgetfulness, so necessary in a new, unsettled city, rendered her services and companionship invaluable to the other nuns.

The schools were her special attraction and the object of her deepest solicitude. Her interest in the pupils' advancement never flagged or faltered. She had a thorough knowledge of what she taught and gave such clear, precise explanation that her pupils never failed to remember her instructions, whether on secular or religious topics. She never thought of going before a class without previously reviewing the lessons. Even in her old age she might be seen studying the educational works of Bossuet-Dupanloup and modern pedagogists.. She assembled the young Sisters frequently to give them lessons on the best methods of teaching, and to critically examine how they presided in class. This she felt her special duty to the last days of her long and useful life. Many of her pupils who are now grand-mothers and mothers, when they come to visit their Alma Mater, affectionately recall the instructions they received from her in pioneer days. They are often heard to say that her lessons are the best, most wholesome and sweetest recollections of their early days—indelibly impressed on their memories tablets. Her interest in the pupils did not cease at the end of their schooldays, but ever after she was solicitous for their welfare. She was frank, almost to abruptness, yet she had a most tender heart and was ever ready to comfort the afflicted and aid the needy. Though she was most strict in requiring observance of the Rule, which she manifestly loved to keep, she was elected Superior for several terms. The sick were cherished by her and tenderly cared for, and everything that would give relief or restore health was procured, as far as the religious state and the limited means of the convent allowed. She loved her community and labored for its advancement spiritually and temporally, and had many improvements made in the convent, chapel and schools to meet the requirements of the progressive age. The decoration of the Sanctuary and Altar was her greatest pleasure, and for this reason she anxiously watched the cultivation of the flowers in the garden, requiring every care to be given them.

She was most zealous in promoting devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The processions she annually organized for the month of May were ever the delight of the children. Dressed in white they marched round the convent, schools and garden, carrying banners and singing hymns; then they went to the chapel where the Act of Consecration was read and ended by crowning the May Queens in their class-rooms.

It was on the first of May, 1892, she was called away from her life of labor, love, seclusion and sacrifice, which only the rewards promised to those who instruct many unto Justice, can repay.

J. H. C.
Presentation Pupil.



Mary Xavier Daly

# Fifty Years in San Francisco

*A Tribute of Love to the Sisters of the Presentation Order.*

The glad Te Deums are offered
In this distant Western clime;
There are greetings, there are mem'ries
Of long years of work sublime.
Mem'ries of our loved Archbishops,
Of our Vicar Gen'ral, too,
Mem'ries of our gentle teachers,
And youth's friendship pure and true.

We rejoice with our loved Sisters,
But we'll backward go in years
To a time when holy Erin
For her faith was plunged in tears;
When heroic Nano Nagle
For Religion's sacred cause,
Gave her talents, life and fortune,
Fearing not e'en penal laws!

Oh, no wonder that Christ's Vicar
Showed emotion as her rule
He approved and gave His blessing
For an Irish convent school!
For the rays of Freedom's sunlight
Rested not on Erin's land;
No, the dark clouds of oppression
Hover'd o'er from strand to strand.

Noble woman! holy foundress
Of those gentle "chosen ones"!
Foundress of the world-known Order
Of the Presentation Nuns!
From loved kindred, for the Master—
Bidding land of birth farewell.
They have gone on missions distant;
On far Asia's shores they dwell.

In Australia, in our own land,
Our loved land with heaven's Queen
Our Protectress, schools and cloisters
Of those holy nuns are seen.
To St. Francis' city came they
Not for fame, nor earthly dross;
Oh, they came to teach God's children
'Neath Redemption's sign, the Cross!

Fifty years in San Francisco
Teaching little ones each day!
Fifty years beseeching Heaven
To strew blessings on Life's way!
Fifty years directing, guiding
Wearied souls to God above!
Fifty years of reparation
To the Sacrament of Love!

But, as now we greet our teachers
Vacant places do we see;
Some dear Sisters are not with us
For the Golden Jubilee.
From their Spouse they heard the summons,
From Him they received their crown—
From His white-robed "band of virgins"
On us they with love look down.

But we offer to those present
Kindest greetings, wishes best;
And we beg an oft remembrance
In their prayers and works so blest!
That with God in realms celestial
Endless joys we'll celebrate
With our Presentation Sisters!
With our Queen Immaculate!

*Katherine E. Donovan,*
Of the Sacred Heart Presentation Convent Alumnæ.

# Rev. Mother M. Bernard Comerford

THE Golden Jubilee of the first convent's foundation is not the only celebration of the kind the Presentation Nuns have had in California. In 1875 they joined with their Sisters throughout the world in celebrating the centenary of the Order. The Silver Jubilee of Powell Street, Taylor Street and Berkeley Convents followed on their respective dates. The Sacred Heart Presentation Convent, Taylor street, has had the honor of crowning two Jubilarian pioneer Sisters who came in the sixties to assist the foundresses. The first Jubilarian was Mother M. Ursula O'Callaghan, who was fifty years professed in August, 1889. The anniversary was fittingly celebrated in the convent chapel, and the pupils entertained in the school hall. She returned to the convent of her profession, Kilkenny in 1890, and died there after a long, useful and edifying life.

Mother M. Bernard Comerford, who is the sister of Mother M. Teresa, and also of Very Rev. P. M. Comerford, San Jose, celebrated her fiftieth anniversary of profession, February 4th, 1903. His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan celebrated High Mass in the nuns chapel, on the occasion. He was assisted by the Cathedral priests. After the religious ceremonies, the clergy and other visitors were entertained by the Sisters. The Jubilarian was the recipient of felicitations from the convents of the Order in every quarter of the globe. She is here to witness the golden anniversary of her Sisterhood in our State, and contributes to the happiness of the nuns by her lively and amiable disposition which she still retains even in her advanced years.



Rev. Bernard Cornforth.

# The Jubilee Celebration

In the book of Leviticus we read, "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year * * for it is the year of Jubilee." Thus our Faith leads us to rejoice and give thanks for the favors bestowed on our dear Convent during the past half century.

The celebration commenced with the solemn high Mass in St. Francis' Church at 10 A. M., Tuesday, 18th of October. His Grace Most Reverend Archbishop Patrick William Riordan presided. Rev. Terence Caraher, pastor of St. Francis, was the celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Father Piperni, C.S., deacon; Rev. Father Kiely, sub-deacon; Rev. William McGough, master of ceremonies. The deacons of honor to the Archbishop were Rev. P. Cummins and Rev. P. A. Mulligan. The other clergy present were: Rev. C. A. Ramm, Rev. Maximillian Newman, O.S.F., Rev. Michael King, the venerable pastor of St. Mary's, Oakland, who said Mass for our Sisters fifty years ago; Rev. M. O'Reardon, Rev. B. J. Koven, O.P., Rev. Father Clancy, O.P., Rev. Father Prelato, S.J., Rev. Father Collins, S. J., Rev. Father Joy, S. J., Rev. P. Butler, S.J., Rev. P. O'Connell, Rev. Father Santandreu, Rev. T. Phillips, Rev. J. Cantwell, Rev. M. McMahon, Rev. Father Morris, C.M., Rev. Father Nugent, C.M., Rev. Father Butler, Rev. Father Serda, Rev. Father Stark, Paulist, Rev. Father Otis, Paulist, Rev. Father Grant, Brothers Zenophon, Hosea, Alfred and Valerian.

Rev. Philip O'Ryan of the Cathedral preached the following eloquent sermon eulogistic of the work of the pioneer Sisters:

It is meet and just that on this auspicious occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Presentation Sisters to California, we should return thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the blessings with which He has enriched their efforts and for the great things He has vouchsafed to do through them.

Fifty years ago today a little band of five nuns set foot in this city. Small stir their coming made. A strange sight they presented as, with eyes meek and downcast and garbed in sober, religious habit, they wended their way through the streets of the city. Far away from their own dear land, far from the friends who in the hour of trial would console and strengthen them—what could such as they, whose lives were consecrated to poverty and prayer, hope to accomplish amidst a people mad with the accursed hunger of gold and rough with daring venture? How shall they lay the foundations of great educational institutions, build convents, gather round them pupils and disciples and do what their holy foundress had done years before for her own people? How shall they battle against this rude, rough world, and bear the slings and arrows of fortune? Had they not foresworn the world, and was not their place the cloister and the chapel?

*Exaltavit humiles*—"The lowly He hath exalted." The Parable of the Mustard Seed, "which is the least indeed of all seeds, but when it is grown up it is greater than all herbs," has been repeated in our midst. For this small band has grown into a great Community. The source of their strength was hidden from the world. Their trust was not in worldly wisdom but in the Living God, and that trust was not misplaced. God's blessing was on them from the beginning. Soon the foundations of great schools and Convents are laid and the walls go up as if by magic. Pupils flock to them and the best and purest of our womanhood, scorning this selfish, sordid world, don the robes of religion and consecrate their lives to their Lord and Master. Generation after generation of young women went forth from their schools with the light of faith upon their eyes and the seal of virtue upon their souls. Forth they went to be the leaven of the world, to sanctify themselves and their own homes, to be the ideal Christian matrons, to spend themselves and be spent in the cause of Christ. Oh, who can tell how deep, how far-reaching has been the influence of this great teaching Order! Only the Recording Angel, from whom escapes no good deed. And today as we offer up the sacrifice of thanksgiving and chant the "Te Deum" the angels of heaven make glad before the Face of God.

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The spirit of the Presentation Order, devotion to the little ones and the lowly ones of Jesus Christ, was infused into it by its great and holy foundress. Just as her spiritual daughters were called upon to begin a great work here fifty years ago; so in the darkest hour of the history of her land was Nano Nagle raised up by God, who watches over the destinies of nations, to spread the light of faith and of letters amongst the children of the Gael. The eighteenth century was the darkest, the most dismal in the history of Erin. Two centuries of persecution had done their worst and, O Saints of Erin, how terrible that worst was. The penal laws denied education to the Catholic children of Ireland. The land which shone brightest in Western Europe was enshrouded in darkness, and the Isle of Saints and Scholars was the scene of desolation and despair. A few generations brought up without letters and religion, would degrade any people.

Such was Ireland's plight. But when human aid seemed furthest, divine aid was nearest. God, who had raised up Debora to rally His people, and who had nerved the arm of Judith and who had given France the Maid of Orleans, selected as the instrument of salvation for the people of Ireland another woman, not unworthy of these, Nano Nagle.

The education that was denied her at home she found in France. When her school days were over she entered into society and tasted of the cup of pleasure, harmless indeed but dangerous. As she was returning in the gray dawn of a Paris morning from some social function she witnessed a sight which changed her entire career. From the great churches of Paris thousands of the poor and lowly were flocking from early Mass. She thought of her own life, which was begun to be given over to pleasure, and she determined to consecrate it to God. She thought of the hopeless condition of her own people, and on her ears broke the voices that called to Patrick of yore, the voices of the Irish imploring her to come and serve them. So she set out for Ireland to devote herself to the work of education.

But a great change had come on the people even during her absence. They had sullenly submitted to the yoke; they had bowed their heads in despair. Patrick Sarsfield and his fighting men had sailed from Limerick and had won glory on the continent. But they left Ireland completely at the mercy of her foe, and that foe knew no



St. Francis' Church, where the Jubilee Celebration was held.

mercy. Even hope had abandoned the people. They had unlearned the glories of the past and they were of all, the most miserable. Nano Nagle deemed herself unequal to the task of bringing a new life into Erin. And so rather than eat out her heart in sorrow at the dying glory of her people, she set out once more for France to save her own soul and find a field to do something for God. But louder and louder called the voices, giving her no peace. And so she rose up, strengthened by God's grace, and went forth to walk amongst the Irish once more, to be a missionary, an apostle. With her she associated pious and zealous ladies and they began their work in Cork. But it was a struggle against most adverse conditions. They had to seek out the children in the slums of the city, they had to argue with parents, they had to work under cover of secrecy lest at any moment the dread Penal Code might be invoked against them. But their work gradually grew and Nano Nagle saw that it was absolutely necessary for its perpetuity that a great teaching Order should be established to spread it over the land and to carry it on for all time. And so the Presentation Order was formed, whose mission was to give free education to the little ones and lowly ones of Christ. And before this great woman, the pioneer of popular education amongst English-speaking peoples, closed her eyes in death, she beheld the success of her life-work. Houses of the Order were established throughout the land, children flocked to them in thousands, a new life came into Erin, the thick clouds of ignorance were fast disappearing, the religious life of the people was quickened and the little ones were strengthened by the grace of the Sacraments.

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A great tragedy befell the Irish people in the middle of the last century and scattered them to the uttermost ends of the earth. The spiritual daughters of Nano Nagle had a new mission. The voices of the little ones again called to them from the Seven Seas, and the voices fell not on deaf ears.

Five Nuns volunteered for educational work on this coast and bade a final adieu to their Sisters. One of them fell sick in Dublin and was compelled to return. Then that Sister whose name shall ever be associated with the foundation of the Presentation Order in California, Mother Mary Teresa Comerford, asked permission to fill the vacant place. The journey to California in those early days was such as to discourage even rugged men, but these weak Nuns endured it bravely. On their arrival they had to do the work nearest at hand. In poor and uninviting quarters on Green street they opened a school which soon was overcrowded. But God raised them up friends. The big-hearted and generous Catholic pioneers came to their aid and, in January, 1856, the great school of the Order on Powell street was thrown open. Thirteen years later the school on Taylor street was ready, soon to be followed by the houses in Berkeley and Sonoma.

During all these years a great, silent work has been going on in these schools. Day followed day with the same round of prayer and praise and sacrifice; of the formation of character and the training in virtue of thousands of children. The years are without history, but when we look back on them what a great work has been accomplished! Tens of thousands of young women have received the inestimable blessings of a Christian education and been schooled in virtue. Tens of thousands have been sanctified and have spread around them the sweet example of virtue. How wide and how deep has been the influence of this Order on society at large!

And all has been done for a great principle — the principle of Christian education. Sang the Hebrew prophet of old: "Train up the child in the way it should go and in after years it will not depart therefrom." If the present generation of Catholics walk in the paths of virtue, it is because their young feet have been trained by this and the other great teaching Orders of the Church. For on what foundation shall we build lives of justice and virtue if not on faith and how shall faith come if not through Christian training? In this holy cause the Catholic Church has made great sacrifice. She has spent money and effort; she has founded schools and universities. Others, even the pagans, have done likewise, but one sacrifice the Church has made which others never have made and never can. Her highest glory is in that army of virgins who have renounced the world, given up the pleasures of life, and home and friends, yea even their very name, and offered their lives to the care of the little ones of Christ. What can the world show to compare with this? What more sublime heroism has any cause evoked? The best and purest of our womanhood cheerfully giving up the honors and preferments of the world, gladly embracing lives of sacrifice and retirement, and devoting their entire days to their Lord and Master and His little ones.

If there be on earth a foretaste of heaven, assuredly it is given to the Presentation Sisters today, when they look back on these golden years and think of the prayers and sacrifices which have gone up, like sweet incense, to heaven; of the privations and the sacrifices which they and theirs have borne for the sake of Christ; of the noble deeds wrought in silence, the generations trained in faith and virtue. Let us congratulate them and let us recall with reverence the memory of those who have passed away. And let us pray that God's blessing may continue with them and that others may be found to carry on the work when they have passed to their reward so that their schools may send out into the world hosts of young ladies who by the grace and strength of faith and virtue shall sanctify and save the world.

Before imparting the Papal Benediction His Grace, the Archbishop, delivered a short and touching discourse congratulating the Sisters on the work accomplished in fifty years in the cause of education. He said the Presentation Sisters came quietly and unostentatiously to this coast a half century ago. They were willing to live poorly while they labored for God and the pupils in their schools. They are the children of Providence, they teach gratuitously. They live almost exclusively on their own exertions. No Catholic can afford to be indifferent to the proper education of his child. It belongs to the service of the Divine Master. Therefore we have reason to gratefully remember the services of the Presentation Sisters in our city.

After the Papal Benediction the clergy withdrew in procession through the center aisle while the congregation stood and sang in chorus, "Holy God."

The Sisterhoods of our city were well represented at the Mass. We observed members of the Sisters of Mercy, the Vincentian Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of the Holy Name, Franciscan and Dominican Sisters, Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of the Holy Family, and others.

The music and singing during the Mass was devotional and excellently rendered by an augmented choir under the direction of Mr. H. Seekamp. Miss M. C. Schaefer presided at the organ.



Sacred Heart Presentation Convent, Ellis and Taylor Sts.



St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley.

Gounod's Grand March was given on the organ, after which the choir rendered the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo and Sanctus from Cimarosa's Grand Military Mass; Lejeal's Benedictus; Giorza's Agnus Dei; Offertory; Zingarelli's Laudate; closing hymn, Lambillotte's Te Deum, by the congregation.

The choir was composed of the following: Soloists, Miss R. Broderick, Mrs. Ed Burns, Miss L. Vlautin, Mr. A. Messmer, Mr. J. Hickey, Mr. Sandy, Mr. Ogilvie, assisted by Miss T. Vahey, Miss M. C. Kilcommon, Mrs. Kinsey, Miss Thiel, Miss Paulissen, Miss C. Stevens, Miss A. G. Williams, and Mr. F. W. Huber.



Presentation Convent and Church, Sonoma, Cal.

The sanctuary and church was most artistically decorated for the occasion by Rev. Mother Dolores, a past pupil of the Convent and the devoted foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Family. She with ten other members of her Community, by their own request, took as a labor of love the adornment of the holy place for our Jubilee.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in the afternoon in the Convent chapel by Rev. W. McGough. Later in the afternoon the Archbishop, the clergy and past pupils met at a banquet. The assembly hall and other rooms for the use of the visitors were beautifully adorned with smilax and yellow chrysanthemums.

## The Graduation Exercises

The graduates attended Mass in the Powell-street Convent chapel Thursday morning, after which they renewed their consecration to Our Lady of Good Counsel. At the conclusion of services they were the guests of the Sisters at an enjoyable breakfast.

The graduating exercises were held at the Tivoli Opera House in the afternoon in the presence of the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, priests and Sisters representing the various Orders in San Francisco and vicinity. The opera house was crowded, and the nature of the exercises was in beautiful harmony with the occasion. The pupils acquitted themselves admirably in the different numbers, and won the well merited and frequent applause of the audience. A pleasing feature of the program was the following address to the Most Reverend Archbishop:

"*Most Reverend Archbishop* —

"It fills our hearts with joy to have the privilege of Your Grace's presence at the celebration of this happy event of the Golden Jubilee of the coming of the Presentation Nuns to our country. We welcome Your Grace from our heart of hearts.

"Today we are reminded of Your Grace's saintly predecessor, Most Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany. Our

retrospective glance beholds him meeting our Sisters with kindly greeting, and encouraging them to persevere among the clouds and thorns of those early days and promising the crown of success, which we witness under your Grace's fostering care as we are launched into the progress of the new century.

"Though the pioneer Sisters have long since gone to their reward, they seem today to live once again in the affectionate remembrance of many hearts. We children of today love to hear our parents and the pupils of the past recall the memory of the beloved Mother M. Teresa Comerford, whose piety, sweet personality and many gifts influenced all who approached her to do great things for the glory of God. While the indomitable energy in school of Mother Mary Xavier Daly, her tact in developing the minds of the pupils and her lifelong devotion to their education, will keep her memory ever in benediction.

"There yet remains one amongst us who saw the humble beginning of the pioneer Sisters in the North Beach shanty in 1854, and who munificently befriended them, gave them his advice, his sympathy and his kindly services—and that friend is the Honorable Judge Robert Tobin. His associates in kindly deeds to the pioneer Sisters have gone to their reward, but their names are gratefully inscribed in the annals of the Presentation Order.

"Will Your Grace pardon us if we avail of this first opportunity to thank you for the paternal kindness you have shown our Sisters in helping and encouraging the work to which they devote their lives; and we, your children, thank Your Grace for the magnificent school you have had built for us this memorable year, and to which you so nobly contributed. This manifestation of interest you take in our comfort, our education and our progress, fills us with gratitude, and we hope our future lives will be a proof of our constant appreciation of your goodness. We beg Your Grace's blessing for our parents, our friends, and your devoted children of the PRESENTATION."

After the very pleasant ceremony of conferring honors on the graduating class, which was performed by the Archbishop, who was assisted by the Rev. Father T. Caraher, pastor of St. Francis' Church, and the Rev. Father McGough, His Grace made an address in which he voiced the gratitude of the community for the self-sacrificing and untiring efforts of the Sisters who have accomplished so much, unostentatiously and without laudation. He stated that the Jubilee Celebration was one of great interest to California as it represented fifty years of successful educational work by the Presentation Nuns. He added:

"With the proper training of the children of a nation it makes little difference who governs that nation. The most important element in the making of a people is their education. Wealth, commerce, material prosperity are but secondary considerations. The kind of men and women is a guarantee of the quality of a nation. If the individuals are noble the nation is noble, and this quality depends on education. For fifty years these Sisters have been devoting themselves to the interests of education in this community. This they have been doing loyally and without ostentation. The successes they have made are due to their self-sacrifice, untiring devotion and the practice of strict poverty. They have worked with children, and among children the best work can be accomplished. With old people not much can be done. Children are plastic. Their nature is open to receive impressions. In youth the mind and heart are easily touched.

"The teacher in the public schools and the teacher in the Convent are not only teachers. Theirs is a sacred profession, carrying sacred obligations. We do not condemn the public schools. We simply have a different view regarding the requirements of education. We think the schools do not go far enough. There is no complaint regarding the school methods in arithmetic, grammar, reading and writing. We hold that the child is not for life alone, but for eternity. He must know God and prepare for the future life."

His Grace's eulogy found a responsive chord in his auditors' hearts, which found expression in unstinted applause.

A feature of the program was the historical playlet presented in a number of scenes, each a picture in itself, telling of the work that has been done by the Presentation teachers during the half century which found its close with yesterday's Jubilee. It was called "The Pupils' Story of Fifty Years," and recited in song, tableau and story the untiring efforts of those who have done so much for the young people of California. The play was replete with striking scenes and the costumes of the children representing California and Ireland formed a pleasing contrast. Every part of the program was carried out by the Convent pupils. The orchestra, including six pianos, was made up of children and they all played well.

The program in full was as follows:

GOLDEN JUBILEE AND GRADUATION EXERCISES.

OF THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, POWELL STREET,
Tivoli Opera House, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1904.

PROGRAM.

Overture .. .. .. .. *calcott* .. .. .. Orchestra
Vocal Solo .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Lillian Beaumont

"THE PUPILS' STORY OF FIFTY YEARS,"

(Drama in six scenes.)

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY:

Pioneer children ask California to bring them teachers. She consents and goes to Ireland for Sisters. Lupita, the Spirit of the Missions, protests that her early Missioners were their teachers by right. The children explain that the Padres came for the Indians, not for the Settlers. She is satisfied. Sisters come from Ireland and are welcomed by the children. The play ends with the chorus of Jubilee years.

*Dramatis Personae*:

California .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Josephine Taylor
Lupita, The Spirit of the Missions .. .. Miss Clelia Cuneo
Erin .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Maud Kilcommon
Faith .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Alice Messmer
Hope .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Annie Williams
Charity .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Ella Gaffney
Tempora .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Dessie Gallatin

Nuns—Misses Mary McFadden, May Rosa, Jennie Bowen, Dessie Gallatin, Irene Glover, Anita Grondona.

Guardian Angels of the Provinces of Ireland—Misses May Gaffney, Julia Donigan, Hannah Dougherty, Hazel Ferguson.

Spirits of Opposition—Misses Ethel Davis, Grace McFeely, Winifred McLaughlin, Genevieve Rooney, Florence De Andries, Carrie Maggiora, Annie Gracchi, Sophie Leonie.

Good Spirits—Misses Alice Thompson, Teresa Olcese, Josie Campodonico, Alma McNulty, Madeline Galvin, Margaret Gallagher, Edith Page, Hannah Clifford.

Dancers—Misses Isabel Moran, May Clifford, Eveline Buckley, Irene Cassidy, Maud Carr, Kathleen Fagan, Vera McNulty, Ella Carson.

CHORUSES OF CHILDREN OF CALIFORNIA AND IRELAND.

Opening Chorus and Scene I—CALIFORNIA.

Picolo (four pianos) .. .. .. .. .. .. .. *Braham*

Scenes II and III—IRELAND.

"March Heroique" (six pianos) .. .. .. .. .. *Holst*

Scenes IV and V—CALIFORNIA.

Dance .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss Browell
Galop (five pianos) .. .. .. .. .. .. .. *Knabel*

Scene VI—California.

"Star of Gold" .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Orchestra
Chorus—"Thou Art All Fair" .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Tableau
"Graduates Farewell" .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Chorus

GRADUATION HONORS CONFERRED ON

Miss Maud C. Kilcommon, Miss Mary E. McFadden, Miss May G. Rosa, Miss Alice M. Messmer, Miss M. Josephine Taylor, Miss Odessa A. Gallatin, Miss Lillian Q. Beaumont, Miss Ella C. Gaffney, Miss Anna G. Williams.

Gold Medal (Gift of Rev. T. Caraher)—Awarded to Miss Anita G. Williams for Christian Doctrine.

Salesian Medal—Awarded to Miss Maud C. Kilcommon for Church History.

Gold Medals for Highest Merits—Awarded to Miss Alice Messmer, Academic Class; Miss Josie Campodonico, Preparatory Class.

Gold Medals for Music (Gifts of Mrs. J. Kirk, Miss Miller and Mr. J. Oliva)—Awarded to Miss Marie Bardet, Miss Mary Daly and Miss Ella Gaffney.

Gold Medal for Latin—Awarded to Miss Mary E. McFadden.

Address by His Grace .. Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan

MUSICIANS.

Piano—Misses L. Beaumont, M. Kilcommon, M. McFadden, A. Messmer, E. Gaffney, D. Gallatin, M. Rosa, A. Williams, J. Taylor, M. Bardet, M. Daly, M. Fitzgerald, E. Brusco, J. Campodonico, L. Campodonico, R. Cardinale, J. Bowen, A. McNulty, V. Heffernan, H. Dougherty, J. Schirmer, M. Blasi, S. Selenger, L. Ryan, A. Hynes, T. Wallace, E. Marsili, A. Kerr.

Organ—Miss L. Beaumont, Miss J. Campodonico.

Violin—Misses C. McLellan, A. Thompson, H. Stevens. Masters W. Ryan, M. Cohn, J. Steffen, F. De Andreis, G. Ryan, L. Bardet, C. Steffen, H. Stelling, D. Wallace, R. Buckley, M. Barsotti, R. Rozetta, W. Thompson, W. Murphy, H. McFeely.

Mandolin—Misses M. Gardella, C. Favilla, H. Ott, E. McLellan, C. Kenniff. Masters J. King, H. Brusco.

Guitar—Mrs. Brusher, Misses M. Benker, M. Ott.

Flute—Misses A. Cotter, A. Thompson.

Cornet—Miss G. Bogan, Masters W. Murphy, L. Bogan.

Bandurria—Master J. Aurrecoechea.

OTHER PUPILS TAKING PART:

E. Adams, M. Almagia, M. Arata, B. Amati, J. Butler, E. Bacigalupi, R. Bocca R. Roschetti, I. Bright, I. Bennett, M. Buffa, M. Buckley, M. Brusher, J. Buckley, F. Caratto, E. Conway, M. Corproviza, L. Chiappari, E. Crasp, L. Corsiglia, E. Cosgrove, E. Cuneo, A. Daly, C. Daly, F. Daly, M. Derham, A. Doran, A. Demarchi, L. De Martini, M. Daken, N. De Andreis, I. De Grazia, L. De Franco, M. Fitzgerald, M. Farrell, R. Fabris, F. Forno, A. Grondona, L. Gallatin, E. Gallagher, M. Guinasso, L. Giambruno, C. Gaffney, C. Cardella, C. Gabriel, M. Giannotti, J. Grosskoph, G. Hamon, M. Hamon, L. Humphreys, R. Johnson, A. King, M. Kirby. I. Kirby, N. Kelly, H. Lauvergne, L. Lowrie, A. Lowney, I. Madden, C. McFeeley, A. Meehan, E. Meehan, A. Miller, M. Miller, F. Marsili, E. Messmer, L. Messmer, M. Madine, V. McGrath, B. Munn, E. Murzi, Mrs. McCarthy, D. McNulty, M. McCormack, N. Noto, J. Olcese, N. O'Sullivan, M. O'Donnell, M. O'Hare, L. Prendergast, S. Perez, A. Pochina, E. Pinaglia, A. Quinn, E. Rossi, V. Rossi, F. Ragusa, M. Reed, M. Ratto, T. Santo, K. Sherry, E. Sterling, M. Stuart, J. Schivo, M. Stafford, L. Stoffer, H. Sweeney, J. Tofanelli, A. Toriggino, R. Vaccarri, V. Valenti, T. Vanucci, A. Votto, M. Woodmansee, J. Wallace, B. Bacigalupi, A. Testa, K. Brusher, G. Quinn, H. Marchetti, T. Amati, H. Lauvergne, M. Calori, E. De Andreis, N. McFadden, K. Brusher.

Among the clergy present: Rev. P. Cummins, Rev. P. E. Mulligan, Rev. J. Cantwell, Rev. Father Collins, S.J., Rev. Father Walsh, S.J., Rev. Father Joy, S.J., Rev. Father Butler, S.J., Rev. Father Bell, S.J., Rev .M. O'Reardon, Berkeley; Rev. Father Collins, St. Agnes'; Rev. T. Hayden, Rutherford; Rev. T. Caraher, pastor St. Francis'; Rev. W. McGough, Rev. F. Cleary, Rev. J. Kiely, Rev. M. Griffin, Rev. P. O'Ryan, Rev. Father Brennan, Rev. B. Redahan, C.S., Rev. Father Buss, C.S., Rev. Father Stark, Paulist, Rev. Father Nugent, C.M., Rev. Father Morris, C.M., Bros. Zenophon, Hosea, Valerian and Alfred; Rev. Father Sullivan, Rev. Father Keane.



The Boys' Old School, Replaced by a New Four-Story Building the Present Year.

# A Christian Heroine

ADDRESS BY FRANK J. SULLIVAN.*

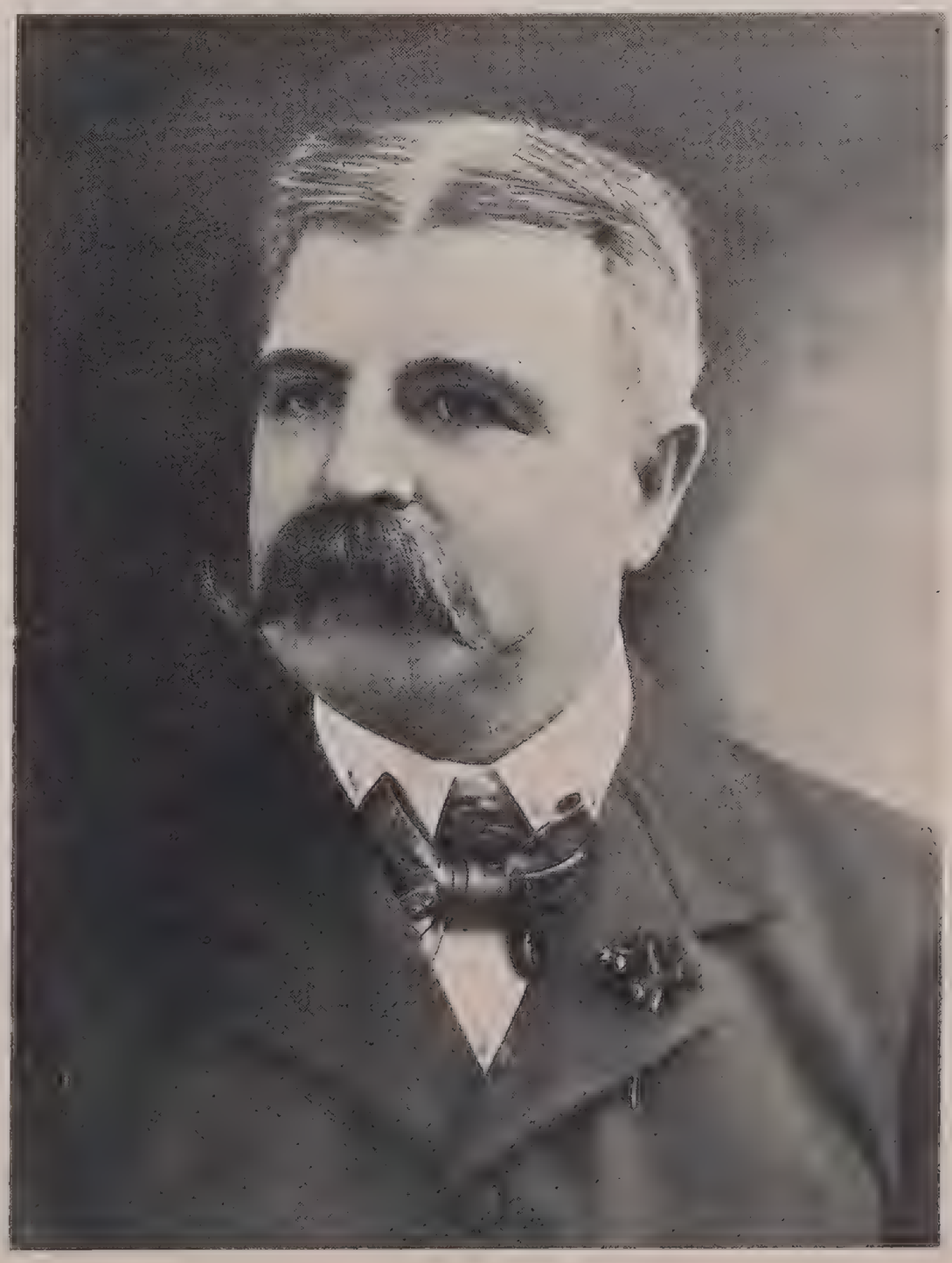
Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Heroism has always in the past commanded, and will forever command, the admiration of mankind. Its influence is appreciated long after the noble heart, which throbbed with heroic feeling, has ceased to beat. With justice and right was it born, with justice and right will it die. Tyranny is its constant foe; amelioration of the condition of men its cherished hope; patriotism its firm ally. It knows no limit of time, or race, or sex. In the hour of a nation's peril, the fire of heroism burns with redoubled lustre. At such a time woman experiences this feeling more than man. More impassioned by nature, and superior in soul, heroism with her becoming in fact supernatural, is intensified by enthusiasm, and softened by pity.

History records, on her bright pages, miracles of patriotism performed by woman, when inspired by religious fervor. When desperation compels the most valiant to yield, then do we behold in her the brightest example of Christian heroism. Christian heroism unites all the elements of heroism, contempt of danger, devotion to a noble cause, confidence in overcoming obstacles, but crowns all these with a constant and overwhelming charity.

The battle of Christian heroism is not confined to the "tented field," and to the scenes of human misery. Its greatest trophies have been won in the cause of education. The genius of a Burke has immortalized the name of Howard; a nation's gratitude has encircled the brow of Florence Nightingale with a crown of unfading glory. These heroic souls, imbued with the spirit of true Christian philanthropy, braved danger and disease to soothe the pangs of suffering humanity. Shall no chaplet of unfading flowers be wreathed for the champions of civilization, who ministered to the mind of a people, and thereby saved its mental and moral life? Happy is the nation that can claim one of these apostles of education as her own! Among these fortunate nations we may rank Ireland. She can point with pride to one of her children, as a bright exemplar of Christian heroism.

In a small cemetery near Douglas street, in the city of Cork, may be seen a green grave. The sun shines on it with a calm and mellow light. The breeze toys with the flowers that bloom around. A memorial slab near by records the acts and virtues of a Christian heroine. It is the grave of Nano Nagle. May the spirit of Nano Nagle assist me in the task that I have undertaken! Grant that my



Hon. Frank J. Sullivan

words may not fade away as pyramids of summer clouds, driven along the face of heaven by the wind; or be forgotten like the withered leaves that fall unnoticed to the ground, but vouchsafe that they may descend upon my hearers' hearts, and be appreciated as are the refreshing dews by the thirsty and grateful fields of earth.

It has been said "the path of glory leads but to the grave." This, alas! is true of human glory; but the divine glory of a Christian heroine can never die. Time, which has buried in oblivion the deeds of others, has preserved Nano Nagle's for the admiration of posterity. She needs no statues to commemorate, with their "white eloquence," her career. Day by day, living monuments to her memory are continually erected in the hearts of every pupil of the Presentation Schools.

The Celtic cross near the grave of Nano Nagle is a beautiful emblem of the destiny of her order. Its arms represent the faith of her children; its circle the diffusion of her ideas throughout the globe. That she merited the great title of Christian heroine is evident from a brief consideration of her life, character and works.

Born near Mallow, in Ireland, in the year 1728, of wealthy parents, she received, in France, an education that made her an ornament to the highest classes of society. She entered with great zest into fashionable life, and quaffed with delight the cup of enjoyment, until an incident occurred, which, slight in itself, was fraught with great consequences to herself and to her country. Returning one morning from a scene of Parisian festivity, she beheld at that early hour a number of poor people standing on the steps of a church waiting for the doors to open. This sight made a deep impression upon her sensitive nature. The gay thoughts of fashion disappeared, as, in the beautiful words of my gifted friend, "Marie,"—

"She saw the lowly band that knelt beside the Temple's gate—
She saw the meek and humble ones 'their matin feast await';
And lo! the Master seemed amid His chosen flock to stand,
With dust upon his battered robe, and blood drops on His hand.
'Behold,' He cried, 'the picture pure, the lesson traced for thee!'
Thus only seek thou Wisdom's gate, thus early wait for Me!"

The misery of her unfortunate country vividly presented itself. Stripped of nationality and of education, she beheld the noble Celtic race clinging with desperation to faith and fatherland. She perceived that unless a Deborah, or a Judith, or a Joan of Arc, drew the consecrated sword and defended the honor of her native land, the people would sink beneath the weight of their sorrows. Knowing that it was a crime to teach a Catholic child his duty to God and man, and understanding that an attempt to educate the Irish people would expose her to the full penalty of English law, she nevertheless decided to become the Mother of Irish education. Her heroic determination is clearly shown by considering that two paths lay before her. The first would lead to fashionable ease and all the enjoyments of the world. The second would bring her face to face with despotism, with penal laws, and with poverty, ignorance and disease. Casting off all thoughts of comfort, she made choice of the latter, which conducted her into the midst of the sufferings of the most patient and oppressed of all peoples—the Irish race. What grandeur and breadth of soul! What loftiness of sentiment! The world was abandoned by her to its gaiety, its deceit, and its delusive glory, for the thorny path that leads to paradise. She in truth realized that,—

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!"

Having chosen her mode of life, she entered zealously into all its duties. The education of the poor was her dearest wish. To gather their little children together, to instruct them, and to watch the budding of their intellectual growth, became her daily avocation. The anger and interference of friends, and the threats of a hostile government, did not deter her from this great work. To the accomplishment of her Christian undertaking she devoted her brilliant intellect, her physical energy, and her great wealth.

Let us pause again to admire this heroine's unflinching zeal for the education of the poor and lowly. She first



Rev. Phillip O'Ryan

established and endowed the Ursuline Order in Ireland. Finding that the crying want of her country still remained, she, in the year 1776, in honor of the Presentation of the Savior in the Temple, founded the Presentation Order, the object of which is to educate the poor. She consecrated herself and her disciples to the noblest of all the works of charity. Nobly have her daughters performed their task. Starting in the obscurity of a small city of Ireland, the Presentation Nun has become known wherever the language of man is heard. Her very name is synonymous with charity. Oh, charity! friend of the fatherless, comforter of the afflicted! On thy starry brow is stamped the sign-manual of the Omnipotent; on thy cheek is the smile of Heaven; in thy hand is the balsam of life. Child of Christianity! in the quivering light that gleams in thy glowing features are seen the emblems of Peace, Joy and

Hope! Thy softening and refining influence is divinely sweeter on the great ocean of life, as it ebbs and flows and beats upon the shores of time, than silvery notes of music, which, rippling o'er the moonlight waves, ravish the delighted soul of man. Angelic Charity! What pleasant memories dost thou not bring with thee! What delicate flowers dost thou not plant in our hearts! What poems, filled with jeweled thoughts, dost thou not whisper in our ears! Alas! how can I do thee justice! To speak of thee I should possess the tongue of a seraph! To paint thy beauties, my pencils should be tipped with the unfading hues of heaven!

The character of Nano Nagle explains the wonderful success that attended her efforts. Among her noble qualities she possessed a perseverance unexampled, and an enthusiasm unconquerable, a humility and self-denial equalled by few. The light of wisdom dawned upon her path and every obstacle was overcome. The pen of the poet alone can truly depict her traits of character. In her we behold—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, to command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Her character seems to have been inherited by her daughters. Who has not observed the unspeakable charm of their manner? Who has not contrasted the cares and anxieties of the people of the world with the calmness and sweetness of the nun? Her presence is sunlight; her absence is gloom; when she speaks the buds of refined sentiment spring forth and blossom in our hearts; as she departs from our sight, a twilight of noble aspirations lingers round, and kisses, with its golden lips, the hills and valleys of our souls. Delighted with the good, the true, and the beautiful, we exclaim—

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity."

The labors of Nano Nagle to-day excite our surprise and admiration. Her work in the cause of education will scarcely be appreciated unless we recall the peculiar circumstances in which the Irish people were placed. Catholic emancipation was not granted until the 13th of April, 1820. Prior to that great event education could only be purchased by apostasy. The Irish race, loving their faith before all things, rejected this vile condition. The result was that the people grew up ignorant of popular learning. Nano Nagle delivered them out of this house of bondage by her educational system. What was the education she taught? It was the development of all the faculties of the mind—intellectual, affective and moral. The intellect received knowledge, the heart and will religion and grace. Every faculty was polished to the brilliancy of a gem. No moral Frankenstein threw a dark shadow on her schools. For thirty years had she devoted herself to her great task. At length, wearied by her burthen, she laid down by the wayside of life, and her pure spirit winged its way to heaven; her cloak fell on worthy successors; her daughters have made her name co-extensive with the world.

It may be asked why was such a revolution created by her teaching? why did the Irish people grasp so easily the truths she inculcated? 'Tis true the Irish nation was plunged in the depths of enforced misery and ignorance, but it still possessed, as its redeeming virtue, a civilization that is repudiated to-day—the civilization of principle, of unbending honor, and inflexible integrity. Immortal civilization! How often hast thou been spit upon; thy noble brow crowned with thorns; thy glorious form scourged at the pillar, crucified on Calvary, and finally laid in the tomb of ignominy; but, thank God! thou type of the Almighty Power! amid the trembling of tyrants, again and again hast thou cast off the cerements of the grave and flashed forth in all the splendors of a magnificent resurrection!



Rev. Dr. P. M. Comerford

Her labors were not exclusively confined to education. She ministered to the wants of old age; the sick and the hunger-stricken were soothed in their distress. Neither the inclemency of the weather, nor the lateness of the hour, deterred her from the path of duty. Profanity and impurity fled at her approach. Her fallen sister, however, received from her sweet words of consolation. The last hours of the dying were cheered by her tender and hopeful expressions. No frightful malady, no danger, checked the Christian heroine in her heroic undertaking. Her religious life was, in truth, one continuous act of charity. Perchance to many "a mute, inglorious" Dante she was a Beatrice, whose vision lifted his soul from the abyss of hell, along the terraces of purgatory, even unto the jasper pavements of paradise.

Finally, when we reflect on the time in which she lived, the obstacles she encountered, and the great results of her labors, it must be conceded that her praises will forever be sounded in the litany of Christian heroines.

Thus lived a Christian Heroine. May her spirit inspire us to follow in the same noble path of philanthropy; may the undimmed glory of her career shine brightly from age to age, until time shall be no more.

We have assembled here to-night to do honor to the Presentation Order, and to show our appreciation for the unswerving devotion of the daughters of Nano Nagle to the interests of Christian education. Shall I point out what benefits have already been derived, and will hereafter be obtained, from their schools in the city of San Francisco? Shall I appeal to you, citizens of San Francisco, to contribute your mite to their support? Oh! no—your presence here to-night renders such an appeal unnecessary. You have come because you know that these good nuns depend on your voluntary contributions. You have come because you feel that you are doing a good and holy work. You have come because you know that when the hour of dissolution is at hand, when the world is fading from your sight, the intercession of these good nuns will cause the gates of Paradise to open on their golden hinges and a stairway of light to be let down from on high; and while the angelic spirits ascend and descend its glistening steps, and the exquisite music of the seraphim and cherubim is borne with zephyr-like softness to your ears, and floods your souls with harmony, you will hear these words of comfort: "You are my beloved servants, in whom I am well pleased."

*Delivered by Frank J. Sullivan, now Park Commissioner, on the occasion of the opening exercises of the fair in aid of the Sacred Heart Presentation Convent, held at Platt's Hall, November 21, 1879.



A Group from the Class of '07, Presentation Convent, Powell St.



In the Powell Street Convent Garden.

## PAST PUPIL'S DAY

Sunday, October 23, 1904.

After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament had been given in the Convent Chapel at 1:30 P. M. by Rev. Father Cleary, the past pupils assembled in the Exhibition Hall where a short musical program was given and a purse of fifteen hundred dollars presented to the Sisters. Refreshments were then served to the delighted guests, the pupils of the sixties mingling with the buds and blossoms of the twentieth century, for there were present grandmothers who were once tots in the Convent infant school and whose offspring accompanied them and who are among the pupils of the present. After the banquet they adjourned to the garden where a tree was planted in the place previously prepared by the first graduate, Mrs. C. McCabe. Then the gathering dispersed, declaring they never had experienced such a delightful day, wishing the Convent and the Sisterhood blessings without end.

PROGRAM.

*Te Deum*
Opening Remarks .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Mrs. C. A. Stuart
Piano Solo .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Miss M. Schaefer
Vocal Duet .. .. .. .. .. Messrs. Donigan and Bulotti
Accompanist, Miss M. Ryan.
Ad Astra .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Convent Orchestra
A Tribute .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Timothy J. O'Brien
Gaelic Dance .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Eight Tots
Vocal Selections .. .. .. .. .. .. Mr. F. W. Huber
Instrumental Duet (two pianos) ..Misses Kilcommon, Beaumont, Gallatin and Daly.
Vocal Solo .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Mr. Kelly
Conferring of Grammar Grade Certificates on the following young ladies: Misses Emelia J. Brusco, Matilda V. Parente, Josephine M. Campodonico, Marie A. Bardet, May E. Gaffney, Helena R. Campodonico, Annie E. Votto, Julia M. Palladani, Mary C. Daly.
Select Chorus .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Jubilee Graduates

## NOTES

The young ladies of the class of 1904 presented a magnificent sanctuary lamp, which was made at Messrs. Day & Co. of this city.

The boys of the advanced class at the Convent signalized the day by giving a very handsome censor and boat.

Requiem Masses will be celebrated for deceased foundresses, benefactors and pupils at a proximate date.

The Sisters and pupils return their deep felt thanks to Mr. W. H. Leahy and the directors of the Tivoli Opera House for their extreme kindness in giving the use of their magnificent new building for the graduation exercises on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee.

From the coming of the Sisters to this Coast the Fathers of St. Ignatius have been amongst their best friends. They have given the daily Mass at 6:30 for the Sisters of Taylor street for the last thirty-five years and have most faithfully and gratuitously given their services to the Sisters in spiritual and temporal matters when called upon. A like service the Pastor and assistants of St. Francis' Church have given the Mother House on Powell street for the past fifty years.



Class of '04, Powell Street Convent.

Miss M. Kilcommon
Miss O. Gallatin
Miss J. Taylor
Miss E. Gaffney
Miss A. Messmer
Miss L. Beaumont
Miss A. Williams
Miss N. Rosa
Miss M. McFadden

# The Presentation Nun

Far from the boisterous world's strife,
What holy work is done
By her, the chosen spouse of God,
The Presentation Nun.

A noble work from evil ways
The penitent to win;
But nobler still to keep the soul
For ever free from sin.

"Suffer the Child to come to Me,"
The Heart of Jesus cries;
How well each day her holy life
To this fond wish replies.

How gently the young soul she guides
Along the paths of grace,
Taking—so pure she's fit to take—
The Guardian Angel's place.

Doing this work of God so dear,
Are passed her peaceful days,
In teaching young unsullied lips
To lisp their Maker's praise.

She rears the little child for Heaven
As Mary reared her Son:
For the Queen of Virgins was the first
True Presentation Nun.

To Ireland, Nano's sisters then
Give daughters good and pure,
For early lessons so well taught
Through all their life endure.

Thrice happy lot of religion,
To God's own chosen given
To lead the Angel's life on earth,
Anticipating Heaven.

Ne'er tell me of the world's false joys
Scare soothing e'er they cease,
Ah, who would for them all exchange
The cloister's holy peace?

No worldly troubles, blighted hopes,
Her soul with anguish tear,
For God to serve, to praise and love
Her every hope and care.

No honors, riches, pomp or power
The saintly nun requires,
For who possesses Jesus' love,
Hath all the heart desires.

Yes, worldlings reft of earthly joys,
Her life is all delight,
For Jesus makes His yoke so sweet,
His burden ever light.

Let not Ambition scorn her life,
For when have thoughts e'er flown
So high as hers, whose soul aspires
To God's eternal throne?

And when to her Creator's hands
Her pure soul she'll resign;
The Presentation Nun e'er more
A glorious star shall shine.

*Dr. Joseph Ryan.*

# Thoughts on the Past and Future

DOWN the vista of years, enveloped with choice and delicate shades by memory's roseate veil, we venture to cast a retrospective glance, for school days "have gone and, with them, many a glorious throng of happy dreams."

Ah! yes, for the first time, perhaps, we turn today with tender longings to the past—that past, so fraught with precious joys, so real and yet so transient, with innocent mirth so eagerly sought, though often at the risk of forfeiting the coveted object of ambition. That past, mingled with friendships pure and true, which, as fountains of gladness made every one in their vicinity to freshen into smiles and, like the light of heaven reflected their happiness on those around; these have so closely twined around our hearts, it seems a cruel turn of fate to bid these days of old, a long farewell. With them departs a something from our hearts which we feel will never come again—a vanished treasure for which we sigh and seek in vain.

To few does life bring a brighter day than that which places the crown upon their scholastic labors and bids them go forth from the halls of the Alma Mater to the great world's battlefield.

There is a freshness in these early triumphs. Fame, though hymned by myriad tongues, is not so sweet as the delight we drink from the tear-dimmed eyes of our mothers and sisters in the sacred hours when we can yet claim as our own the love of higher things, the faith and hope which make this mortal life immortal and fill a moment with a wealth of memories which last through years.

Today, the laurel, twined with rue, decks our brow, reminding us that most of the triumphs and victories of life are tinged with bitterness. Our notes of exultation are mingled with sadness, for we leave the scenes of our youthful efforts, so dear because hallowed with loving memories. We must say adieu to the teachers, the counsellors, the friends of our schooldays, to the quiet little chapel—

"* * * The mem'ry of whose altar,
Where we knelt in happy youth,
Shall give strength when footsteps falter,
E'er to seek the path of truth."

In our cherished convent school the first chords of girlhood's affections have been struck, surrounded as we have been with the good, whose untiring zeal has planted within our souls the first principles of our holy faith, enabled us to mould our hearts after noble casts and trained our tender minds to sentiments of virtue and loftiness of purpose; and though it has been the acme of our ambitions desires to be emancipated from what we termed monoto-

nous routine, now, as the end approaches, we feel that "'Tis a time for memory and for tears."

The past has had its trials also, for are not school-days a preparation for life's mighty conflicts, as well as for its triumphal conquests? Short storms but serve to refresh the soil and vivify nature. Do not the chief charms, in musical compositions, lie often in the sad, sweet minors which glide in to vary their strain? Truly, "The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

The past has fled, and we look out enraptured into Futurity that stands before us to dazzle our gaze with a glimpse of her futile pleasures. She beckons us onward with smiling promises, bidding us to partake of the joys which she has prepared; but, amid her witcheries, we perceive that thorns invariably lurk beneath the rose; and, before proceeding on the fair path, we cast a glance on our loved Alma Mater that has ever been as a star of light to direct our steps aright, and beg that her softly guiding rays may never diminish their radiance or fail to shed their effulgence on the path of "The Grateful Nine."

"Without one bitter feeling let us part,
And for the years in which your love has shed
A radiance like glory round our head,
We thank you, yes, we thank you from our heart."

MAUD CONSILIO KILCOMMON, '04.

# The Ideal Woman

LIKE the brilliant star of the evening diffusing its heavenly radiancy amid the nightly gloom, stands the Ideal Woman. Not as a goddess do we behold her, but as a fair daughter of Eve, beautiful in her purity and simplicity, shedding rays of light on the dark and troublous path of man.

Woman! What thoughts, what ideas does not the word suggest; with it we associate whatever is modest, retiring and beautiful. We need not search history nor peer into the darkness of the past ages to find a type of true womanhood. If we glance around we shall see her in our midst.. On her brow she wears the diadem of purity. Her dignity and bearing are such as to inspire reverence, and the softness and sweetness of her voice falls upon the ear as a soothing balm. About her hovers an effulgence of love and helpfulness. Like a ministering angel she deals, to the sorrowing and afflicted, hope and consolation; the discouraged she inspires with confidence, and the seeker after perfection she urges onward. What a glorious mission is hers! Yet one which requires all her womanly tact and virtue to fulfill. The Holy Spirit pays a beautiful and well-merited tribute to woman in the Old Testament: "Who shall find a valiant woman?" indicating that woman should be found attending to her domestic duties rather than mingling in the strife of the world. What is it that the Holy Spirit commends in her? Not her social triumphs; not her brilliant position in the world. No, His admiration is drawn not to these, but to her economy, her labor and the simplicity of her manners. So we may infer that she is not placed on earth to gain renown, as the statesman or the warrior, but to work silently and patiently, lending a helping hand to humanity and plucking the thorns from the path of life.

Previous to Christianity, woman's destiny was one of slavery and of misery. Toil was her duty; obscurity her lot. From this life of degradation she has been rescued through the Virgin Mother who raised woman to her true rank. Through her, women grew in power and influence; through her, nations learn wherin lie the grandeur and dignity of the gentler sex.

Woman—the queen of the home, the soul of the fireside; without her loving, tender care, both are incomplete. "The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet; but, home is there, wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless." If she outstep this, her true sphere, she tramples under foot that true charm which makes her so beloved. She forfeits the esteem which for centuries has been her inheritance, and deserves to be repaid by universal scorn and contempt. The sweet virtues of retirement, meekness and modesty were not given her to be sacrificed to the idol of vanity.

The native glories of womanhood—"A serene and gentle dignity; a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain; a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer; yet patient to endure; a power of great confidence and of limitless self-sacrifice; an impregnable strength of personal reserve; and an exhaustless generosity of personal surrender"—were entrusted to her, not for herself, only, but that by them she may brighten the life of others. If, as scientists assure us, not a leaf falls from a tree, nor a pebble rolls upon the shore without in some measure affecting the grand harmony of the universe, what mighty forces then must be put in action, changing the destinies of unborn generations and the cowardice of weakness into beautiful strength of endeavor by the potent influence and example of a virtuous woman. Her strong, subtle influence goes on in ever-widening circles that do not die away until their force is spent on the shores of eternity.

Among the most devoted disciples of the Redeemer, woman held a prominent rank. She was conspicuous among the first converts, and, as a martyr for the faith, she faced danger with an heroism unsurpassed by man. Woman followed the Master in life, in death she stood beneath His Cross, and watched by His grave until she saw Him arise glorious and immortal.

Not that she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung;
She denied Him not with ungrateful tongue;
She, when Apostles fled, could danger brave.
Last at His Cross and earliest at His grave.

MAY G. ROSA, '04.



Our Chapel on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee.
Interior of St. Francis' Church, decorated for the Golden Jubilee services.



Class of 1904. Presentation Convent, Taylor Street.



A Group from the Class of 1906. Presentation Convent, Taylor Street.

# The Knight of Christ

*"Tu es Sacerdos in Aeternum."*

"YOU have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." The Knight of Christ is not a priest by his own choosing, but is chosen in heaven by the great High Priest whose representative he is. His mission is not glorious in the world's view, but he cares not. He aspires to the dignity of the priesthood not to make it a life of self-seeking and ease, but rather to a life of sacrifice, devoted to the interests of humanity in every form. He is no longer his own. His time, his talents—nay, his very life, if needs be—all are sacrificed at the call of the Master. No longer free, in the sense of worldly freedom, he belongs no more to self; duty has power alone to claim him. He goes forth, leaving behind him home and kindred, often country and always self, rejoicing in the title of Slave of Christ. No hour is sacred to his repose, no message inconvenient or unreasonable; no acvoation can divert his steps from the deathbed of the saint or sinner. Each day he goes forth to do the greatest work on earth—rescuing the erring, bringing back the wandering sheep to the Shepherd's fold, striving by dint of gentleness and forbearance to win all to Christ.

In presence of danger he knows not fear; for, is it not the soldier's pride to fight for his king? By gentleness, meekness and courtesy he has subdued the violence of the barbarian, and brought him to bend to the sweet yoke of Christianity.

Bearing the Cross as his standard and the Gospel as his weapon, forward he goes to fight and conquer, urged on by faith and sustained by love. The wonders he operates in secret will not be known, even to himself, until life's day is ended and he stands at the Great White Throne in the presence of the God he served.

"Ah! then will the angels sing his praise,
And his joy be grand and deep,
When the Master, Himself, embraces him
Who giveth his life for His sheep."

He teaches not, as the materialist would have us believe, that this life is the end of all, but to look forward to a world of happiness; that heaven is not always angry when she afflicts, but that she favors those whom she chastises most, thus spurring them on to attain higher glory in their eternal destiny.

The life of the priest is never written, nor never can be. The Recording Angel only is the privileged witness of his life of usefulness, self-sacrifice and devoted disinterestedness. "Like the fabled Neptune putting Aeolus to flight and calming the troubled waves, the priest quiets many a domestic storm, subduing the winds of passion and reconciling the jarring elements of strife. He is the depository of others' cares and trials, anxieties and fears, afflictions and temptations. If he cannot suppress, he has at least the consolation of mitigating the moral evil around him."

Wherever his powerful succor is needed, wherever human souls are in danger there is the Cavalier of the Faith to rescue and to save.

ODESSA A. GALLATIN, '04.

# Per Aspera ad Astra

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

YES, adversity is God's way for leading us to Himself. Peace, absence of care and sorrow frequently have the effect on human beings of causing insensibility to the claims of their souls and rendering them conscious only to the things of earth; hence, bitter grief and poignant sorrow are often necessary to open our eyes in order to discern truth and to make us realize that all things are vanity here below.

"There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

Trials are God's means of preparing us for the future; as His knowledge is unerring, the path He has marked for each life, no matter how uneven the way, must not be taken out of His guidance; otherwise, like mariners sailing on the limitless sea without a compass, we may and will chose a pleasanter course, but we will not find the heavenly appointed end.

It is particularly in sorrow we realize that God alone can soothe the troubled heart. "We were made for God," says St. Augustine, and the soul will never be at peace until it rests in Him.

"Every trouble is meant to relax the world's hold over us, and our hold on the world, each loss to make us seek our gain in heaven."

Nothing grand or lofty in life can be attained where sorrow finds not a place. It is the only true teacher of wisdom.

Why should not sorrow be borne with a certain degree of cheerfulness, since we know we cannot escape it and clouds are followed by sunshine. How different may be the morrow! Some hidden fount of happiness may well forth in floods of joy to fertilize the barren soil of our soul which had been laid low by the storm, rain and hail; but now, in the glad sunshine we may be, as it were, clad anew with bright and imperishable verdure and feel convinced that trials mark the favored child of heaven.

"Would'st thou be loved, e'en with the love
He gave His only Son?
Thy life's long path, like unto His,
Must be a thorn-strewn one."

Joys unspeakable are often hidden beneath the prickly thorns of life. Though the heavenly halo which surmounts the Cross may be hidden from our eyes, it is none the less bright and resplendent. The Angel of Hope is ever ready to flash the torch of confidence which will aid us to see beyond the sweet rewards reserved for the victorious.

ELLA C. GAFFNEY, '04.



Group of Musicians. Presentation Convent, Powell Street.

# Sunny Memories

A BLUE sky, flecked with filmy clouds, brilliant with the lovely May sun shining through, witnessed the happy Class of '04 starting with the prospect of a delightful trip across our beautiful Bay, to visit the university town and its chief attractions.

On alighting from the train we directed our steps eastward, and there, on the slope of the picturesque foothills, beautifully situated amidst a setting of tall trees, rises the university of our Golden State. This institution is composed of a series of large buildings which make no architectural pretensions, yet presents an attractive appearance with its ivy-hung walls which contrast so prettily with the red brick. As the summer vacation had just commenced, the class-rooms and assembly halls were not open to visitors, so we had to content ourselves with a visit to the library, art gallery and amphitheatre. The former is well supplied with reference books, having within its shelves over sixty thousand volumes. This, as well as the other departments, is lighted by electricity and thus made available during the evening hours. The art gallery contains many rare paintings and several pieces of fine sculpture. After a short stay in this building, we left to explore the amphitheatre. This is a massive structure which measures two hundred and fifty feet on the arc of the semicircle. The stage is one hundred and fifty feet in length, twenty-eight feet in depth, and is raised five and one-half feet above the orchestra. The wall behind the stage is forty-two feet in height. It is built of concrete, and the stage wall is finished in Portland cement. The theatre seats eight thousand people, and the most remarkable feature is found in its acoustic properties. These we proceeded to test, and the vast surroundings soon rang with the sweet strains of merry song which drew many auditors to the scene.

Through briers and brambles our guide led us on until Founders' Rock was gained. From its height a glorious view was obtained of the surrounding landscape. Leaving this site of learning we wended our way through a path covered with mosses and sweet-scented underwood, beneath delightful shade of overhanging branches, enjoying as we went the beauties which were everywhere spread before our view. The sanctuary of our beloved nuns being reached, needed rest was a delightful luxury to our tired frames; then a ramble through the spacious grounds and an attack on the fruit-laden orchard completed our peregrinations for the day.

Now for home. The sun was already low in the horizon when with reluctant steps we left the dear convent. We could scarcely repress the exclamation of pleasure that trembled on our lips in presence of the scene we were leaving. The mountains beyond were clothed in all the glory of the evening light, peak after peak of its hills robed in garments of purple and gold and amethyst. At its base nestled the cosy university city, its neat cottages half hidden mid ivy and clustering creepers, surrounded with roses which grew in wild profusion, and clusters of soft, creamy-white carnations brushing their petals against the green-trellised railings, taking the gentle breezes into their perfumed velvet hearts. Laden with flowers and blossoms of every hue we boarded the train; swiftly it sped along, and in a few more minutes we were moving rapidly in the newly-constructed electric boat, keeping time with a chorus of merry voices to the music of the rippling waters, and these words of the poet were the burden of our song:

"Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon the silver tide."

Only too soon was our destination reached and the pleasure of this enjoyable day brought to a close, its sunny memories to be enshrined in the happy recollections of the Class of '04.

MARGARET JOSEPHINE TAYLOR, '04.

# Our Character is What We Make It

"Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Character alone outbuilds the pyramids:
His monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

THE greatest affair in life is assuredly the formation of character. It is a structure built by ourselves, reared by our own strenuous endeavor and can be as satisfactorily accomplished in the humble cottage of the poor as in the stately mansion of the great. It will be what one chooses to make it. What a grave responsibility does this fact impose! As we estimate the worth of anything by its serviceableness to its appropriate end, so we determine the character of man by the virtue and integrity of his life, as these, alone, fit him to fulfill his place in the world. As character is our best possession, it is to our profit to augment its value by every possible means. The materials, of which to build, comprise our every thought and word and desire. These are ever at our disposal, which, if directed aright, will form a foundation permanent and beautiful. The work is not that of a day, but the constant, untiring labor of a lifetime; and the way to be traveled, if success is to be secured, is not that of a flowery one, but a long and rugged road, strewn with obstacles; still, one must not falter, must never look back, must never despair; but build on gradually, silently, persistently, determinedly.

Environment has a potent effect in the formation of one's character. The plastic mind of man is as pliable as clay which readily yields to the touch of each surrounding. And each surrounding leaves its mark—whether of an elevating or degrading character—a mark which time may not obliterate. Hence, it is of first importance that one's surroundings and associations should be such as to fill the mind and heart with lofty thoughts and move the will to noble deeds.

Aspirations after higher ideals are often entirely absent from what are termed elevated social regions.

Lowly extraction does not necessarily imply a mind unfitted for lofty destiny. Many of our most eminent men have been reared in the midst of privations and have proved to the world that the vantage ground of character is not solely possessed by those who inhabit the higher social sphere. It was in a humble and obscure home that the Perfect Man lived and labored and became our greatest model in the shaping of a beautiful, upright and noble mind.

It would be hard to overestimate character as a great power in the world. What sway cannot one who knows how to govern himself wield over his fellows! His talents may draw the admiration of men of genius, his rank may cause him to be courted by the great, his intellectual abilities make him a leader among his contemporaries; but, it is his superiority of character alone which gives him real worth. The character makes the man, the great character makes the great man. Every one must surely wish, that with each succeeding day, he may discover by the testimony of his heart and the character of his deeds, that he has been good and great.

The man of character is competent to battle the evils of life, capable to withstand the temptations of time, and his strength of will and exalted purpose of mind will enable him to close his ears to the delusive voices of the world, which seek to lure him to destruction. His very presence in an assemblage broadens the scope of its thought; he elevates the standard of true manhood; his example encourages to a life of self-respect and convinces others of the dignity of an immortal soul, destined to be the companion of angels for eternity; and when he sleeps in silent death, even still shall he live in those who strive to copy and emulate the noble traits of one who so valiantly labored to build for himself a noble character.

MARY ASSUMPTA McFADDEN, '04.



Mrs. A. C. Stuart Marjorie Stuart. Mrs. C. McKay.

# The Three Generations

The grandmother in this picture, Mrs. McKay, registered in our books as Miss Caroline Finn at the end of the fifties in the last century. She was a bright and amiable scholar and has transmitted to her posterity her loyal devotion to her Alma Mater. Her two daughters, now Mrs. H. Seekamp and Mrs. A. C. Stuart, members of our Alumnae, have, in turn, sent their children to take their places. Elsie and Harry Seekamp are intelligent pupils at our school in Berkeley. Marie Stuart attended our school till called away to associate with the angels in heaven. She was a lovely, talented little girl, blessed with remarkable gifts of nature and grace. Her sister, Marjorie, in the picture, is an interesting affectionate child, full of life and talent. We hope great things for her in the future.

We have a number of second generations, boys and girls, attending our city schools and Berkeley.

# What are the Wild Waves Saying?

GAZE upon the limitless sea with its infinity of expression—now, like some mobile face, it wears an aspect of exceeding peace; and, again, a woful mist crosses its mighty form as if in sorrow to bemoan those whom it has embosomed in its awful depths.

But what are the wild waves saying? Draw near, stand beside the wintry ocean and hearken to the message of the stormy billows, for the voice of the great Creator dwells in their mighty tone. Listen! They seem eager as they dash onward in rhythmic strain to impart the great lesson and secret of their power. Learn, they would say, to become great by gathering strength in the smallest actions of a day well and holily spent. Like a tide your work should rise, each later wave the mightiest. Catch the transient hours, improve each moment as it flies, each has its task to do or bear.

Hark! They now speak in fascinating utterances of the goodness of that great unseen Power which has made the sand their boundary, an everlasting ordinance which they must ever obey. Now, in cadence soft, they breathe music on the rock-bound coast as they ask you to express in words a ceaseless "Benedicite" that like their misty vapor it may ascend as incense before the throne of God's invisible majesty. See how the waves recede. They will return, slowly, surely, and finally touch the shore. This is the eloquent, silent sermon on perseverance which they never cease to preach.

Watch! What a symbol of human passions is here portrayed, striving with a last impotent effort at the object of revenge as they dash with furious onslaught against the bare cliffs, rudely climbing up their very sides, fuming as with a deadly anger at their base, seizing within their grasp everything that comes in their way; the face of the angry waves grow black with wrath, while the brow becomes white with rage. The strife goes on and on until at length they break into feathery spray as they touch the silvery sand. So our stormy voices clash and sweep along until they come in contact with the gentle virtues of Charity, Meekness and Humility. Then their power is scattered like the spray which is wafted along the rocks in wandering dewdrops.

Where is he who says there is no God? Let him come and view this "mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests" and then in answer true respond to the voice within. In presence of this heaving, endless sea, this image of eternity, say there is no future.

When driven by doubt and haggard care on the rough shores of life, where can the weary spirit find anchorage far from its noise, stormy strife and yawning waves, save in the haven of God's all-sheltering mercy. Here storms can move no more. Here the clouds shall be rolled aside and the vision of a fairer world shall break upon his view.

ANNA G. WILLIAMS, '04.

# Reveries by the Riverside

I GAZE into the flowing waters
"* * * And wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee
Till the eating cares of earth should depart
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart.

Watching each eddy in its course so pure and clear, this sparkling in the radiant sunlight and that darkened by the shade, yet none returning to be seen again, thoughts wander to the years already past, years whose fleeting hours were often allowed to slip away unused, hours which will never return to give an opportunity of utilizing them. Gone forever, they will not pass this way again, gone to join that shoreless sea of time whose immensity only God can compass; gone, swallowed up in the vast gulf of eternity. How those beautiful, crystal drops recall moments spent in happy thoughtlessness, while those immersed in darkness vividly call to mind hours overshadowed by dismal clouds!

The current hurries on, heedless of the dross which is so swiftly borne along its course, and unmindful of the beauties nature has so bountifully spread on either bank. Eddying in and out through nook and crevice it reminds us of one launching out into the river of life soon to be tossed on the changeful sea.

The incessant fluctuation of desires causing him to yield to all external objects as he unconsciously drifts upon a doubtful world. Like the stream, time bears him on, with its joys and sorrows left behind; no pause, no cessation, no anchorage, no retreat; on, ever on, the river of life hastens to its home—rushes onward, striving to gain its end in the mighty ocean far beyond. Thus, man, like the fickle current, seeks rest of heart and peace of mind where it cannot be found—in the heart of creatures.

"No creature love can peace impart,
It brings but restless care,
For He alone can fill the heart
Who placed that longing there."

The pleasant ripple of the stream, like the joyous dreams and sunshine at the starting of youthful days, must cease; and the fretful hurry of the impatient current, like the buoyant energy of full grown years, must one day stop when time and tide shall be no more.

LILLIAN Q. BEAUMONT, '04.



Commercial Class, Presentation Convent, Powell Street, in 1903.

# The Power of an Encouraging Word

"KIND WORDS ARE THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD."

EVEN as the dewdrop adds fresh beauty to the drooping rose, so does the benediction of a kind, tender word refresh the languishing spirit. When other sounds have lost their force, the ring of a kind voice revibrates in the soul.

Few realize what an infinite power, what a peculiar charm, is contained in an encouraging word; it can do more than aught else to render life agreeable. Earth would soon be transformed into an Eden did we hear no other words than those of kindness.

No matter in what condition we find ourselves, the battle of life is difficult; its cares are heavy and trying; but are they not intensified a thousand fold by a lack of geniality, by a want of appreciation? It is for us to strive to make it more endurable; each one owes it to himself, to society, to his Creator, to lighten the burden of another; to contribute to the happiness of humanity, if not by lofty deeds, at least by cheerful words.

Many golden opportunities of casting a ray of sunshine into the lives of others, which would have brought joy and happiness into our own, are let slip, until those who would have been benefited are beyond our reach. How often have we seen the young life that has never known but gloom, has never heard the soothing tones of love and peace, blighted in its bud, soured at the very threshold of manhood, while an encouraging word, implying no sacrifice, costing nothing, costing as little effort as the "water makes in flowing from the spring," might have changed the whole tenor of its way. How many victories might it not have won! But the word was left unsaid until too late, for

How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night?
And hearts have been broken
For words left unspoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

As the well-known accent of the gentle voice of the Master, when He softly called the Magdalen by name, ever after re-echoed in her heart, recalling her to a life of holy love, so might such a word, spoken in season to a destitute soul, have enabled her to make greater efforts in the pursuit of what is high and ennobling, and have sweetened her cup of life; overwhelmed her with gratitude, and effected a change hitherto deemed well nigh impossible.

When oppressed with care and borne down by the weight of sorrow, a word of consolation comes like heavenly manna to the starving soul.

Beautiful words given to the world are "forget-me-nots plucked from the heart" and bound together with exquisite art, to refresh and sustain the souls of those who wear them.

Christ has given to each a work on earth—the path of the husbandman is ours—in the God's acre of our own heart and in the vineyard of our neighbor. The most effectual means to cultivate the latter is kindness and encouragement.

Hearts overflowing with tenderness and affection are often rendered cynical because of the cold, stern, sharp breath, the bitter tone of those whom they would otherwise have called their friends.

As the pebble cast into the pond creates a circle which, in turn makes o'hers and never stops until it has reached the shore, so a kind word never stops with itself but goes on producing others and "extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries."

A kind word may engender lofty thoughts and run through life like a thread of gold. A whole life may be influenced by only a word and be instrumental in guiding many to the path which leads to eternal life.

ALICE MARIE MESSMER, '01.

# Intellectual Pleasures

INTELLECTUAL pleasures have in all ages been considered as the most dignified and happy of human enjoyments. For, while the pleasures of sense incline to degrade nature, those of intellect tend to enoble and purify it. Whoever, therefore, prefers the refined and elevating felicities of knowledge to the mere gratification of the senses, may be termed a philosopher in the strict meaning of the word. For the intelligent and cultivated mind beholds in nature, through the pure sentiment of admiration, an endless variety of created objects which its natural curiosity leads it to investigate and, consequently, to call forth its feelings of wonder as it unveils to its contemplation or understanding, truths of which it was previously ignorant and the discovery of which adds something new to its happiness.

It is not alone the understanding that is susceptible of these agreeable emotions, but even the will and memory participate in them. The former, conscious of the justice of its indulgence in such pleasure, is, as it were, regaled by the internal approbation of its selection, and the latter may find at all times its delight and profit in a sweet remembrance of its well-stored and judiciously-regulated knowledge.

Since by recalling internally the teachings of earlier days, one may revive the pleasant feelings of the time of youth and liberty, and rehearse internally the lessons of virtue and science, so easily learned in childhood. Intellectual pleasures are as necessary to the human race as are food and toil; for, a love of literature, with its ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, when once acquired or evoked, is of price beyond rubies, a never-ending resource in solitude or trouble, an incentive to rouse a love of the true, the good and the beautiful, which lies inactive or dormant in every soul.

B. P.,'87.

# A Tribute

Serene our land in years gone by
  Stood guard beside the sea;
The Indian tramped her lofty heights,
  Contentedly and free.

The white man came in number few
  To try his luck with time
And many a sad and harr'wing tale
  Is told in feeling rhyme,

Of this dear land with sunshine blest,
  With garden, fruit and flower,
The land proclaimed by brush and pen
  As earth's most lovely bower.

At last one day the cry went forth
  Thro' village, State and town
That gold — that precious ore of earth,
  In our dear land was found.

How people flocked from near and far
  To you and me is old,
To work with might or starve and fight
  For their one object — gold.

There also came another band;
  Their quest was not for gold;
They came to lead the wand'ring sheep
  Within the Master's fold.

From Erin's lovely shores they came,
  That land to which we owe
The greatest of all gifts on earth —
  Faith in God here below.

O Isle with saints and heroes blest!
  May we some day repay
The gift which thou hast given to us
  To keep for aye and aye.

Who were these quiet folk, you ask,
  And is their work all done?
Dear friends we have them here today —
  The Presentation Nuns.

Commencing humbly and with zeal,
  They worked with love and prayer,
Led by saintly women—
  Teresa and Xavier.

O Mothers dear, from us you've gone
  To home that is more bright;
May we some day your faces see
  In grand celestial light.

Their leaders gone they had to work
  And struggle on thro' years;
But God above looked down on them
  And paid them for their tears.

Full fifty years they have been here
  In this dear land of ours:
God sees their work and on them sends
  His blessings down in showers.

So ring, ye bells of jubilee,
  O ring ye loud and long;
Praise ye the Lord, the God of hosts,
  In grand triumphant song.

And as your sounds are swelling on
  We'll join ye in your lays
To ask of God, our only friend,
  To still prolong their days.

—*Timothy J. O'Brien.*

# Friendship

THE instinctive aversion of our nature to solitude and its associations, renders pure and holy friendship one of the most sacred treasures of life. But this term is often lightly used and applied to mere acquaintanceship.

Now, true friendship means a disinterested, constant affection which is, perhaps, best manifested in a willingness to make sacrifices for the well-being and pleasure of the cherished friend; it is founded on mutual esteem and, therefore, remains unchanged amidst the vicissitudes of fortune, and is strengthened by adversity and affliction.

False friendship, on the contrary, clings to us in prosperity and deserts us in the hour of trial and adversity, for it seeks not the advantage of those it hypocritically seeks to deceive by flattery and counterfeit friendship, but looks to its own gain and profit, applauding alike the good qualities and the imperfections of the victims it tries to mislead.

Nowadays there are many friends of time; that is, temporary ones, who linger while we dwell under the sky of fortune; but when that sky becomes cloudy, these so-called friends depart precipitately. History acquaints us with a few examples of unwavering friendship—for example, David and Jonathan, Ruth and Naomi.

Friendship that is true is above all price and praise, and few in this fickle world find this priceless pearl, hence the necessity of caution in selecting friends; and, when true ones are discovered, they should be clung to while living and mourned for when dead.

J. M., '85.



A First Communion Class at the Cathedral, from the Presentation Convent, Taylor Street.

# Hope and Memory

HUMAN life, with its clouds and sunshine, is a compound of joy and sorrow.

These elements follow each other like morning on the wings of midnight. Childhood is sheltered by loving hearts and careful hands and its day seems joyous and sunny.

Yet, stretching far out as the expanse of our azure dome, is the shadowy, unknown, dim future; and, as the poet says:

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail. There gloom the dark broad seas."

The battle of life is still to be fought, the path of trial trod, the goal of life reached and the victory won. Yet the blithe spirit of youth yearns in desire to follow knowledge like a shining star to the utmost bounds of thought.

What need then of an angelic guide to lead its wayward footsteps aright, to lend enchantment to the distant view and encircle the faint nebulae with its hallowed brilliancy. "Yet, when the long years shall multiply, shall furrow the brow and dim the eye," when youth with its joys and sorrows, its vivacity and enthusiasm, has past; when its glorious sun is fast sinking to rest, and the night dews fall, nature stretches forward her arms in search of a comforter to whisper an encouraging word and assure her of the everlasting reward of fidelity.

But where is the bright morning star to shed its brilliancy over the dawn of life's eventful day? Where the angelic spirit to administer courage to the drooping heart of youth? Where the sweet messenger of comfort to console the declining years of life? Sent by a merciful Providence, the bright spirit of Hope takes up its abode in the heart of youth, while soothing memory encircles the brow of old age. Thus the vicissitudes of life are rendered less stern, its thorny path less rugged, and the decline of life is blest with cheerfulness and peace.

Hope is the star of youth; memory, the staff of old age. Hope leads youth through its various difficulties and trials by acting the part of a guiding star, dispelling with its radiance the gathering gloom, calming the heart and chasing away sad fear, pointing to the brilliant sun of success and renown, and like the glorious brightness of early morn, enveloping in rich luminous colors the laurels of victory. As courage and confidence are essential to success, Hope assumes the role of a ministering angel from whose blest pinions gleam forth light, joy and solace to cheer the flagging spirit and herald the beauteous day. It is Hope that whispers with gentle assurance the crown follows the Cross, and victory is the reward of perseverance.

This lovely minister of courage may also be compared to a happy, smiling youth with joyous countenance and sparkling eye, upon whom it is impossible to gaze without



The Altar, Presentation Convent, Powell Street, at the Silver Jubilee in 1879.

being influenced by his buoyancy. A gladsome angel of comfort diffusing joy in his path and inspiring with energy the hearts of all his associates.

At his approach even old age gazes upon the blue vault of heaven and with renewed strength and vigor whispers hope, hope on forever.

Youth find the world a great battlefield upon which grand and noble deeds are to be performed, honors won and glittering prizes seem promised to the victor by his own bright anticipations. When marching to battle the daring heart of the youthful soldier is enlivened by visions of glory, honor and victory.

In the mirror of Hope he gazes upon the faces of his loved ones; in imagination he feels their embraces and hears their heartfelt welcome. The hope of gaining glory for his flag spurs him onward and gives him courage to fight for his country's cause.

Come, star-crowned Hope, and on thy swiftest wings,
Oh bring the joys we so oft seek. Come, shining herald, soothe our grief with sweetest words of cheer. How we have sought to catch thy robe, to catch its gleam.

And listened vainly for thy blissful song,
O Joy, at last! To hail thee, brightest one.
Of all the heavenly throng,
Thou sweet-voiced Hope.

Memory being the staff upon which declining nature supports itself, while tottering with feeble steps toward the goal of life, it is to old age what sweet hope is to youth, a minister of solace, but differing in brightness as the sun and moon. Soothing, gladdening and comforting the last days of ebbing life with recollections of the sweet hopes and joys of childhood, brightening the dim twilight with visions of the winter of life by a beautiful retrospect of the flowers of Spring. Memory also relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by reviving ideas of what is past. As Hope, like sunshine on the dancing brook in summer, so memory in the autumn of life is like moonlight on still waters.

Yet hope lives even in the hearts of the aged, and when memory spreads before us a map of useless regrets, points out wasted opportunities, failure, loneliness and death, Hope stands beside her and, pointing upward, whispers of a glorious resurrection and a life of perfect happiness yet to be won. Take hope from the heart and memory away, and hope vanishes. Neither can exist alone.

The memory of happy schooldays wreathes and encircles life's pathway, and for us the sublime lessons of truth and wisdom received within these sacred walls shall be our faithful guiding star, and those blest counsels of virtue shall abide with us after the joyous song has ceased and the festive garland has faded away. And when the bitterness of the close of life becomes unendurable then

O, Gentle Hope! Come, bid us see the glory of the celestial dawn. Haste, with thy magic hand to ope the gates—

The shining portals of that glorious land,
To which, sweet spirit, thy rapt ecstatic gaze
Is ever lifted. Heaven guide our steps
And keep thee ever by our sides
Bright, gloom-dispelling Hope.

O, blessed shining seraphs Hope and Memory, messengers of courage and solace, be with us today to cheer our drooping spirits as with faltering lips and sad hearts we come to say farewell.

In heaven are no farewells, on earth below
We meet and part, as sorrow come and go,
All things around, within us, change and change.
Changes are often sad, but never strange;
In heaven are no farewells, but now
Fate parts us from our teachers, but by filial hearts
Is paid the parting tribute of their love,
Which fain their earnest gratitude would prove.

MARY GIOVANNONI, '97.

# Immaculate

SOME fifty years ago, a truth
By Holy Writ revealed,
Was made by Church a binding law
Thus doubt forever sealed.

Far brighter than the purest gem
Art thou, sweet Mother fair;
Wert e'en the sun, thy diadem,
With thee could'st not compare.

For that bright orb so beautiful
Which dazzles eyes of men
Is covered o'er with shades and spots
Explained by mortal ken.

But thou sweet Virgin, ever fair,
The Mother of my Lord;
A privilege surpassing great
Was given thee by God.

Of all bright creatures in this world
Thou wast ordained to be;
Immaculate—without a stain,
From all eternity.

T. O'BRIEN, Past Pupil.

# Notes for Our Friends Afar

FEW cities in the world can vie with San Francisco either in the beauty or natural advantages of her situation. * * * Before you there is the magnificent Bay, with its far stretching arms and rocky isles, and beyond it the faint line of the Sierra Nevada, cutting the air like mother of pearl. * * * The city itself is full of bold hills rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue.—James Bryce.

O, fair queen city of the wondrous West,
The sunset glory is thy crown of state;
The sea thy slave that on his foaming crest
Leads the white ships within the Golden Gate.

Seraphic Francis gave his holy name
To thy proud hills and to thy shining Bay,
When years ago his faithful children came
Within thy heart to light the sacred ray.

—*Marie*.

# Retrospect of School Life

ON a summer's afternoon some eight or ten years back, I was confronted with the news that I was to begin a school life—yes, a school life—a word very familiar to me; but of its pleasures, its uses and benefits I was completely ignorant.

The following Monday morning, bright and early, I awoke. Soon I was ready to be taken to school; my mind was filled with pleasant thoughts of the book and slate I would carry, and be a big girl like the rest of my companions. After a walk of a few blocks I found myself at my destination. The look of the large building frightened me at first, but after being admitted I was taken by a gentle Sister along a balcony leading to the children's playground. The sight of this place rather convinced me that I would stay, for although I was pretty well frightened of the Sisters, all in black, fluttering in and out, on the other hand, the light-hearted youngsters with smiling countenances and pretty little aprons, made me more at home and helped to allay my fears.

After some arrangements with my parent, I was left alone with a crowd of little ones, like myself, just being initiated into school. Now and then the schoolchildren would stare at me; then they would pick up courage and say: "Are you going to come to the convent to school?" Half frightened, I answered "Yes." Then it was "What's your name?" I told them, and then we were friends; next thing I found myself linked arm in arm with a crowd of little ones, all chattering about their vacation, their studies and their teachers, with a half-anxious look on their faces, awaiting the news of "promoted" or "not promoted." Well, in the course of time, a loud, mellow bell tolled the hour of nine, and rang in a glorious re-opening of school days for some, while for others it was the dawn of an altogether new life. A few minutes and I found myself in a schoolroom with many pretty ornamentations, besides blackboards, charts with big black marks, which I afterwards found out were termed letters; I was then taken aside and introduced to my teacher to be, who took my name and address. She then set me down with other little ones to play with blocks; I played, but I could not enjoy it, somehow, for everything looked strange; and although I was entranced over the idea of being in a school as a pupil, I would rather be in the lovely garden attached to the grounds, playing house, or with my doll. Then I became hungry; I saw nothing to satisfy me, and I began to cry, and cry I did; but there was nothing for it; I had entered a new life—a school life. I was no more a baby or a child, but a big girl, so I had to contend with it. At ten o'clock I was let out for recess; it was not long before I began to make friends, and myself and others romped about the yard and around the fountain, situated in the middle of the yard, till the bell tolled and ended the play. Thus the day wore on, and at half-past two school was dismissed. What a day of exciting wonders. But a few days elapsed when I became fully at home with my companions and teacher and also with the surroundings. The days went by and the weeks and, finally, years have fled, bringing me up to the ninth grade, a period of much importance, as it was the time I began to form a character for myself through the motherly instruction given by a fond teacher, now resting in her last home—heaven—a home which she diligently earned by her untiring zeal for God and His Mother. It was on the 5th of July, 1897, that I passed from the grammar grade into commercial high school, where I took up a commercial course for three years. Two of these happy years and a third of the last term have passed by, and if you were to ask me where those years have gone I could not certainly tell you. It seems to me to be only a dream, for though I anxiously awaited the new course of study, it has come and is now nearly gone. To account for the time I cannot, and, looking back, seems like yesterday. Would you not call this a "school life dream?" Ah, yes, a beautiful dream where, when we awaken and find the golden links that bound us to the motherly care of those amiable and most gentle beings—the nuns—it will then strike us to consider the real true meaning of a school life dream.

After the schoolhouse has closed on us, bidding us to be most faithful in all our doings, to live innocent and pure, childlike lives, as we have previously done, we will then find that our dreams are o'er and we are turned from out those Convent walls to have our eyes opened by the world outside. As I am about to leave school I am prompted to pen down my thoughts of happy school days, to ponder over them perhaps when old and in a miserable hour of sorrow; and then I will have something to gaze upon—a reminder of the glorious days of youth and school. After a six weeks' vacation, I returned on the bright and sunny morning of July 5th, with other classmates. We lined up at our post as the mellow bell of the convent rang in a new term. Reverend Mother gave us a cordial welcome and, after a few beneficial remarks, introduced us to our new teacher, and finally initiated us into the commercial class "C" in a room directly opposite the one we left on the third story of the building. Besides the young ladies who occupied this room and constituted Class "A," there were other things new to us, such as typewriters, maps of every description, and books "galore" placed on a "what-not" in the southern corner of the room, and in the northern were our desks-to-be, while at our backs were blackboards with marks—yes, very funny marks—as the girls said, "China writing," but we were green; we knew not the art of stenography nor the study and practice required for its perfection. Now, that we look back, we smile at our silly remarks. At the left of the room hung a picture of the past graduates. I often gaze at that picture; for, in my eyes, much can be seen in it. There stand five promising young ladies, dressed in white, with diplomas in their hands as testimonies of their diligent study. They portray a highly-cultured, noble and refined appearance, which they retain to this day, and are model women. Now to look at them in the world and then gaze at one's self, it encourages one to try and reach the goal. The room, as now described, first met our gaze on the 5th of July, 1897. Our teacher, Sister Mary ——, pointed out seats to us, read the rules of the school and made a few remarks on etiquette and study. Our studies were then arranged, and consisted of Christian Doctrine, Ancient History—Egypt, Rome, Greece, etc; Grammar and Rhetoric, English Derivation, Literature, Civil Government, etc. On Wed-



ROBERT J. TOBIN

nesdays we were given lessons on Astronomy and Philosophy, and also lessons in vocal music; and on Fridays our week's work was concluded by lessons in sketching landscapes, etc. This long list of studies makes one wish to be ten miles from a school, but these thoughts only last for a time; as the phrase goes, "when we are older we will have more sense," and so I have, for I see the benefit of them now.

By the study of history one becomes acquainted with his brethren of different tribes and countries, their mode of living, etc., while the other branches help to fit us, either directly or indirectly, for our future work in life. At ten o'clock we recessed in the large and beautiful garden attached to the building on the south. We were a crowd of boisterous vacation girls just back to school, and I tell you, when we were let loose in that garden, we did have a picnic, for it was one confab about vacation, good times, and, of course, about the new teacher. "Oh, my! How is she Seniors? Is she strict? Is she cross? Does she give hard lessons?" All these queries were asked in one breath. Then the subject was diverted to the sports of vacation, and then back again to the lessons. "Oh, the lessons," "I don't see the use of this and that." "Well, we're in for it," remarked another, "And that old history of a couple of thousand years back," another would say. In the long run, we were consoled by the young lady seniors who advised us to take things cool and do the best we could, because it had to be done; there was no getting out of it. Finally, recess in the garden drew to a close, and we went to work on something new for us girls. The remainder of the day was rather interesting. We were always accustomed to be released at three o'clock from Grammar School, but now we had to remain until half-past three for that gnawing crazy subject—Phonography. Well, I often heard of shorthand and shorthand writing, also stenographers and the like, but never could conceive a definite idea of how the thing was carried. Oh! but it was an awful beginning! A new language was to be learned, a new system of spelling to be embraced, and lastly a new style of writing longhand. The very marks alone which were, indeed, very peculiar, were more perplexing than fractions. My first lesson in shorthand brought back my first schooldays when my teacher would knock and drum the sounds of rat and cat, besides the a's and b's, etc. into my head. It was not half-past three and we were dismissed with a stack of lessons for the following day, and I assure you we were all glad to get out, for we were, as yet, affected by the vacation and unable to endure the long labor hours suddenly brought upon us. Nevertheless, we returned the next day in better trim, and it was not long before we were down to business, and we went at it in a business way. If any of the readers of this retrospect can simply imagine a heap of bookkeeping blanks piled in front of us, he cannot but think we were head bookkeepers of some imaginary firm, for from one corner of the room one called, "How much did Smith & Jones pay on his bill?" another county would be heard from, "he didn't pay yet," "yes he did," said another, then a rattling and bustling of the big daybooks, ledgers and journals joined in the racket to see if Messrs. Smith & Jones were really honest. It was really amusing when such things as the following came up: "A Mr. Brown bought a couple dozen red cows on account, and his horse was shod for cash, and his own head had to be stitched by a physician after being gently touched by his favorite pet cow, "Pansy." All this had to be entered in the daybook, besides other business books, all on account of the song and dance poor Mr. Brown went through. Well, the next thing in the course was to be a debate. Were you ever at such a thing? I was, many a time. The Circle was known as the Nano Nagle Debating Circle, and to it belonged the senior girls of the high school, who chose this name as one most appropriate, because the lady was the foundress of the Presentation Order. A debate given during the first month of school by the members: "Resolved, That Spain of the Sixteenth Century Was More Powerful than England of Today." The argument was very favorably rendered on both sides. After the statement of the chairman, a move was made by one and seconded by another, to initiate the juniors as members of this organization. The move was readily granted by the house and ratified by the president, Sister Mary ——. Applause rang out through the hall, and the meeting concluded by the singing of a hymn, vocal and instrumental duets.

A memorable event of our school days occurred on St. Patrick's Day, 1898. We had resolved to adorn our Convent dome with the glorious Stars and Stripes. Though nigh fifty years had not seen our Flag wave over an old landmark of North Beach, nevertheless, a strong patriotic feeling was aglow in all hearts which beat within its hallowed walls. This seventeenth day of March, at eight-thirty, we assembled on the upper corridor in one of the music rooms awaiting the arrival of Sr. Mary ——. But a few minutes elapsed when Sister appeared and on each of our breasts were attached a few leaves of Ireland's emblem. We then started off with all good wishes under the protection of St. Patrick that our end might be successful. To St. Francis' Church we went to call upon St. Patrick to help us in our need, then we made our way to the parochial residence. In response to our ring we were ushered into the sitting room, then a bell was tolled for our Pastor, Rev. T. Caraher. In the meantime we were pressing and pulling on our green leaves in order to make them very conspicuous for the occasion. A heavy step and then a cough gave us ample time to put our faces into shape and to make a business-fied appearance. At the door stood Father Caraher, a tall, white-haired gentleman. With a pleasing smile on his countenance he bade us be seated. "Have you been to Mass, girls?" "Yes, Father," came the reply in one voice. "Ah, very well," at the same time taking each one in. The bashful smile on all faces and the vacant stare in our eyes, for we dare not look at one another lest we giggle, must have been amusing. The worst had to come. Who was to be the spokesman? Who would start the ball a-rolling? Finally, Father Caraher broke the ice. "Have no school to-day, girls?" "No—o Father on this day—St. Patrick's Day—no Father, we always keep St. Patrick's Day." "Well, where is your shamrock?" "Here it is, Father," said Miss ——. "O yes, I see you're true." "And where is yours, and yours"—asking each one, until he came to Miss ——. "And where is yours; you're not Irish descent, Miss ——." "No, Father," but the nationality makes no difference in this case, thinks Mary to herself. The grand finale now at hand, Miss —— began. "Well, Father, you know we have no flag of Old Glory waving over our school, and we came here this morning to ask you in the name and honor of St. Patrick to raise a flag over our school. Every other school and academy has a flag, so we hope you won't refuse us this privilege." "A flag, ah, aha; well how large a one do you want?" "About fifteen feet," spoke up another girl. "When do you want this flag?

# AMONG OUR BENEFACTORS



Mr. John Sullivan



Dr. P. M. O'Brien



Mervyn Donahue



Count D. J. Oliver



Mr. & Mrs. Myles D. Sweeney.





Marquis D. T. Murphy.



Mr. James Donohue



Mr. James Phelan



Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe



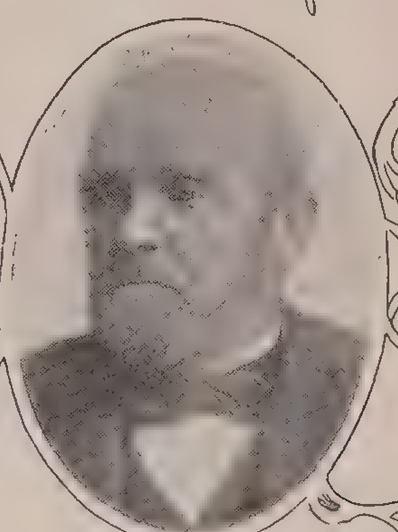
Mrs. Peter Donohue



Mrs. Kate Johnson



Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan



Mr. James Mc Gee.

Any particular time?" No, Father, just suit yourself, whenever you get ready, why the Sisters will have the carpenter place the pole." "O yes, girls, I'll give the flag. Indeed, you are true Americans, so I'll settle that and have it ready as soon as possible." "O, many thanks to you Father," and moving towards the door we bid him good morning, hoping all good things would be bestowed on him from St. Patrick. Up to the church we again went to thank St. Patrick, after which we all ran and surrounded Mr. B. (Miss B's. father) with the news that we won a flag, we won a flag! Three cheers were then given for St. Patrick, priest, school and all combined. From church to school we were like a band of Chinamen, all talking, laughing and listening at once. "Why, I thought every minute he was going to say 'No!'" "So did I!" "So did I!" "O, I was awful nervous! My limbs were shaking. Did you hear Father tap me about my green?" "And me too!" "And me!" "I say girls, let us tell Sister he wouldn't listen to us. Now don't one of you laugh. All right." Such were some of the phrases uttered—grammar, construction and the like being totally ignored.

The flag won, a day was set aside for the hoisting of the banner. A special meeting of the members of the N. N. D. C. was called for the arrangement of the program for the above mentioned day.

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the N. N. D. C. come together and arrange a patriotic entertainment in honor of the raising of Old Glory over the Convent dome. The flag being honorably presented to the members of this circle by our pastor, Rev. Father T. Caraher. We in turn hereby agree to make the occasion a red letter day in the annals of the Circle.

SISTER MARY ———, President.
MARY ———, Secretary.

Sunday afternoon, May 28th, 1899, was the memorable day. The Sacred Heart Hall was artistically decorated with the Irish and American flags. On the right of the stage stood Old Glory, while in the center was the speech-makers' stand, also draped in the national colors. Before the hour appointed on that fine summer's afternoon, the parishioners crowded in (not a surprising occurrence for the entertainments and exhibitions held at the Convent always draw an over-plus, especially when under the auspices of the N. N. D. C.) The noise and bustle ceased upon the arrival of his Reverence, Father



Presentation Convent, Kilcock, Ireland, founded from Berkeley by Mother M. Teresa Comerford, 1879.
This Convent was built from the private resources of the Rev. P. Geoghan, P.P., Kilcock.

Caraher. A collection of melodies opened the program, followed by a trombone solo by Mr. John Brusher; next came the brilliant speech of Father Caraher, whose patriotic words fell like fire-brands upon the ears of the spell-bound audience. He concluded his oration by the thrilling words of the "Star Spangled Banner"—

"And long may it wave
Over the land of the free
And the home of the brave."
—*Francis Scott Key.*

(Father Caraher's speech was taken in shorthand by one of the seniors).

The audience then joined in singing the national anthem, after which the school children in a body, followed by the adults, proceeded to the street. The nuns stood on

the front steps just under the dome. The honor of "flag raiser" was bestowed on Mr. A. Kenniff, uncle of one of the pupils, while Mr. George Benker superintended affairs. While Old Glory was being raised we all sang in a body the "National Anthem," then three cheers went up for our flag, three cheers for Rev. Father Caraher. Soon tired of viewing the flag we made for home in groups of seven and eight, thus taking up the whole sidewalk, chattering and giggling over the afternoon's proceedings.

It is now April, and at the dawn of the flowery month of June we graduates of '01 will pass our school check in and a diploma of reward will be given in return. The massive school door then opened and we are cast, as it were, into the world, friendless, at least bereft of those who have so tenderly directed us in the paths of true piety, and whose society is as unique as it is elevating and refining. Yes, we realize how great the loss—how bitter the separation. Oft shall thoughts of those ideal school days beam on our path and shed their effulgence over our hearts. O, blessed memories, take us by the hand and lead us up the thorny way; stay with us till the song of the siren has ceased and the day dawn on the shores of a blissful eternity.

KATHLEEN M——.

## Sonoma

WHEN wearied by the absorbing care of business or the dizzy whirl of almost incessant dissipation, our being demands a soothing rest as well as a change of scene. Then let us hie to Sonoma's matchless vale! There, especially in springtime, we shall find a dream of perfect beauty, as well as a haven of calm repose.

It is, in truth, a valley among valleys—the mountains and hills of our coast range being veritable sentinels bidding grim defiance to aught that could disturb the peaceful landscape encircled by those sheltering walls. Everywhere can be imbibed a delicious and strengthening nectar which bounteous nature so copiously distills in this chosen spot. Tiny brooklets from hither and yon, meandering over its flower-spangled surface, gurgle wildest music as they madly dash over many a bowlder or miniature cascade; or, anon, flow as gently as the rhythm of our calmest thoughts, soothing our o'erwrought nerves as did the sweetest lullabies of childhood. Magnificent orchards, clothed in robes of Spring beauty, are seen on all sides. Feathered songsters of many hues flit from branch to branch, making the air vibrate with their glad warbling, thus awaking sweet memories of days gone by.

Change we the season for our country ramble and we shall still find Sonoma and its environs—Buena Vista, Agua Caliente, El Verano, Glen Ellen and Kenwood—to be ideal. The blooms of Spring are replaced by the ripening fruits of Summer hanging in lavish profusion from tree and vine. The smiling landscape teems with cereal products rich and varied. Herds of lowing kine browse contentedly on many a meadow pasture, or lazily ruminate 'neath the leafy branches of some wide-spreading oak, thus completing the picture of pastoral beauty.

Autumn, too, has its special charms in our lovely valley. The trees, erstwhile groaning 'neath their delicious burdens, have donned the season's garb; whose coloring, so vivid and so varied, almost defies description. An artist's eye and an artist's brush could do but meagre justice to this nature-painted scene. And yet, another panorama of equal beauty awaits us, for beyond are the hill-slopes, vine-clad to their summits, awaiting the mead of our admiration. Browned though they be—California's summer sun is proverbial for browning all things—yet we scarcely perceive it; for the vines are laden with immense bunches of luscious grapes, green and gold, crimson and purple, are temptingly inviting us to relieve them of their sweet and juicy burden.

And still, the list of charms is incomplete! Sonoma has other and perennial springs from whence to draw health as well as pleasure. Its pure, invigorating atmosphere, its driveways of scenic beauty, its groves of sylvan charm; above all, its mineral waters rivaling those of European fame, combine to make it a natural sanitarium of health and healing. Its mineral springs, alone, give promise of creating for it an almost world-wide celebrity. They can be found in nearly every part of this rich valley, but at present only two are fully developed and equipped for general use. These are "Agua Caliente," literally, "hot water," and "Boyes." Streams of water, varying in temperature from 80 to 115 degrees, containing in solution not only a large proportion of white sulphur, but many other mineral salts, gush ceaselessly from fountains whose hidden sources seem inexhaustible.

E. O'S., Past Pupil.

## In Memoriam

SISTER M. BERCHMANNS,
Died March 15, 1897.

Hark! the bells toll sadly,
List, tread softly now,
Death has plucked a lily
And paled a rosy brow.
In our convent cloister,
When the day was young,
A sweet and gentle sister
In heaven her life begun.
Long and sad her suffering,
Ne'er a murmur passed
Lips that never chided
And oft a blessing asked
For the little children
Trusted to her care.
Dear and gentle sister,
May we all meet where
Sorrow ne'er can enter,
All is peace and love,
In the realms of glory
Rest, sweet nun, above.

MARIE CHESWORTH,
(Eighth Grade, Presentation Convent.)

## Notes

The late Cardinal Vaughan was here in 1864. He was then Rev. Herbert Vaughan. He said Mass at the Convent on Powell street almost daily while he was in the city. He preached to the Sisters in their little chapel and officiated at the reception of a novice, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany's appointment.

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It is not generally known that those popular little books—leaflets—were compiled by the late Sister Mary Xavier Reid of the Presentation Convent, Galway. She was an invalid for years and passed her moments of release from pain collecting and arranging those thoughts, poems and prayers that have been the source of spiritual consolation to many tried hearts.

# The Silver Jubilee

*Written for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the Presentation Convent, Powell Street.*

THE worldling rears his structures fair,
His palaces of pride,
Where Fashion's tinseled throngs repair,
And wealth and pomp abide.

And dread Ambition's lofty tower,
And stately column rise,
Types of his God defying power,
That e'en would pierce the skies.

And swiftly speeds the fawning crowd,
They hail, with loud acclaim,
The founding of the palace proud,
And monument of fame.

Within thy midst, O city fair!
A modest structure stands,
Upreared with fond and pious care,
By consecrated hands.

No turret crowns its sacred walls,
With banner flaunting wide,
And in its calm and peaceful hall,
No tinseled revellers bide.

But fondly placed its roof above,
Redemption's holy sign,
Reveals the hiding-place of Love,
The Man-God's earthly shrine.

And through its portals gladly haste
The "least ones" of His fold,
There, Wisdom's fadeless fruits to taste,
And win her gifts of gold.

There dwell the consecrated band
Who left their holy Isle,
To labor in our Golden Land,
And bid the desert smile.

Here, five and twenty years ago,
They reared this home of Truth,
And here, rich treasures they bestow
Upon the hearts of youth.

While others sought the shining ore,
Within the gloomy mine,
They hither brought a boundless store
Of fadeless gifts divine.

While others ploughed the spacious mead,
To reap the golden grain,
They sowed Religion's mystic seed,
For deathless harvest grain.

O, city of St. Francis! greet
This glad memento day,
That sheds its silv'ry lustre sweet
Upon thy placid Bay.

And though they sought, those toilers true,
No meed of earthly fame,
Yet unto whom, more justly due
Is Gratitude's acclaim?

Then haste, that tribute fond to pay,
And hail, with grateful glee
This sacred Anniversary day
Of silver Jubilee!

Dear, holy Presentation Nuns!
We bless Him evermore,
The God who led ye, faithful ones,
Unto our Western shore.

(*Marie.*)

San Francisco, December 3, 1880.

# In Memoriam

MARY E. ROACH.
Died Holy Thursday, April 9, 1903.

Seventeen years of bright sunshine,
Seventeen years of grace,
These were 'lotted time"
When called to the Lamb's embrace.
She was the light and life of home,
She was the joy of our class;
Virtue and mirth on her brow e'er shone
Cheering our hearts as we'd pass.
Oh, how we miss her winning smile,
Her words of cheer and good will;
Many a weary time to beguile,
Bidding all care to be still.
Yet in our heart of hearts we say
We would not call her here,
On this care-worn earth to delay,
When Heaven seemed so near.
Now life's sad journey for her is o'er,
Parting and pain have passed by;
She sings with the Virgins forever more,
Chanting God's praises on High.
Why should we grieve—hope has not perished;
Why should we weep for her more?
She, our loved classmate, honored and cherished
Is not dead but gone before.
Oh, yes, weeping mother,
Fond sisters and brother,
Thy loved one 's above the skies.
There we'll all meet together,
Life's trials all over,
Where our home eternal lies.

# Notes

On the 12th of May 1903, our Convent had the great honor of a visit from the Papal Delegate, Most Reverend Diomede Falconio. His Excellency was accompanied by Most Reverend Archbishop Montgomery. They were met at the entrance by the assembled Community and the clergy of St. Francis' Church, Sts. Peter and Paul's and our Lady of Guadaloupe's. The distinguished visitor was then escorted to the study hall, where the pupils, dressed in white, welcomed His Excellency in speech and song. The address was read by Miss May Rosa of the class of 1904. At the conclusion of the program, His Excellency made a short address to the children, expressing his appreciation of the reception they tendered him and which he knew was indicative of their loyalty and affection towards the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.—then happily reigning—and whom he represented. He complimented the pupils on their clever rendition of the numbers on the program. At the conclusion of His Excellency's address, all knelt for the Papal benediction. Thus ended an occasion forever to be happily remembered by the Nuns and their pupils. The corridors and halls were beautifully decorated with plants and the Papal colors.

The pictures in this book were taken from Photos executed by Hugo Weitz.



Presentation Convent, Raual Pindi, established by Mother Ignatius MacDermott of Taylor Street Convent. Native Orphans. The Priests are Mill Hill Missionaries.

# Nano Nagle

GERALD GRIFFIN.

'Twas the garden of Christendom, tended with care;
Every flow'ret of Eden grew peacefully there;
When the fire of the spoiler on Lombardy blazed,
And the Moslemin shout in the desert was raised,
And high o'er the wreck of a fear-stricken world,
The standard of hell to the winds was unfurled,
Faith, bleeding retired to the land of the west,
And with Science, her handmaid, sought shelter and rest.

With a warm burst of welcome that shelter was given;
Her breast open'd wide to the envoy of heaven;
In the screen of her bowers was the stranger conceal'd,
Till her pantings were hushed and her bruises were heal'd.
From the hall of the Righ, to the shieling afar,
All echoed her glory, all greeted her star,
In the depth of our glen, were her secrets adored,
In our mountain shone out in the light of the Lord.

Ye ivy-clad relics, resounding no more,
With the swell of the anthem, from shore unto shore,
Ye crags of the ocean, ye caves, in whose gloom,
The saint found a home, and the martyr a tomb.
Ye arrows of vengeance forgot in the quiver,
Ye death-shouts of enmity silenced for ever,
Ye roods of the wilderness hory with years,
Ye knew of her triumph—ye know of her tears.

Ye speak of that time when the cells of the west,
Gave voice after voice to the choir of the blest,
When a breathing of pray'r in the desert was heard;
And the angel came down and the waters were stirr'd;
When the church of the isles saw her glories arise,
Columbia the dove-like and Carthage the wise;
And the school and the temple gave light to each Shore,
From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore.

There's a mist on the eye—there's a wall on the ear—
Fly, doves of the temple!—the falcon is near!
There's a change in the heav'ns—there's a rushing of gloom,
And the mountains are black with the hue of the tomb.
There's a ringing of steel, there's a voice in the bower;
'Tis the death-shriek of Charity striving with Power;
With finger inverted rude Ignorance smiled,
And grim Passion exulted when mind was exiled.

Woe, woe for the ruin that broods o'er thy towers!
Fair garden of Christendom, where are thy flowers?
Oh say, when that thunder-cloud burst on thy shore,
Stood thy Faith as the Skellig when Ocean is hoar?
Say, smiled she undaunted when Hope look'd aghast,
And when Learning lay prostrate stood Piety fast?
Oh, answer, ye mountains that witnessed the zeal,
When the faith of our sires dared the dungeon and steel!

Ev'n still, though the tempest is hushed on our plains.
On the minds of our Country the havoc remains;
Peace grieves o'er her temples on mountain and shore,
Sad History's witnesses, vocal no more.
Shall no Sabbath arise on our week-day of care?
Is no waking reserved for our sleep of despair?
Ha, see!—there's a shooting of light in the gloom,
And the spirit of Nagle replies from the tomb.

Hail, star of the lowly! apostle of light,
In the glow of whose fervour the cottage grew bright.
Sweet violet of sanctity, lurking conceal'd,
'Till the winds lift the sheaf and the bloom is reveal'd;
By the light of the glory which burst on thy youth,
In its day-dream of pleasure, and woke it to truth,
By the tears thou hast shed, by the toils thou hast borne,
Oh, say, shall our night know a breaking of morn?

"As the dawn on the lingering night of the north,
To the hills of the west has the mandate gone forth;
In the desolate aisles there's a murmur of praise,
And the lost lamp of science rekindles its rays.
The voice of lament in our island shall cease,
And her cities rejoice in the sunlight of peace;
From her sleep of enchantment young Erin shall rise,
And again be the home of the holy and wise."

GERALD GRIFFIN.



Select School, Raual Pindi, India.



St. Mary's Cathedral.

# Century of the Presentation Convent

## 1800--Kilkenny--1900

HAIL, hallowed shrine of virtue pure!
Hail holy cloister shade!
Bright shining light in Erin's Church,
Whose work shall never fade.

We greet to-day the bells' sweet peal
That makes our fond hearts glow
With joyous thoughts of thy blest birth
One hundred years ago.

O well may glad Te Deums ring,
As history paints to view
Loved Mother Nagle's dauntless band,
With zeal, devoted, true.

Take up the Cross, the work begin
For Christ—His poor to care,
His little ones to watch and save
From Satan's wily snare.

And to the lowly child of earth
To bring love's soothing balm,
To cheer the sorrow-stricken heart,
The fevered spirit, calm.

O noble Souls! your work divine
Lives on and prospers still,
Your children's one absorbing thought
To do the Master's Will.

And far beyond the mighty sea,
Unmindful of the toil,
A generous, loving soul* goes forth,
To plant on foreign soil.

The lessons learned at thy shrine,
Loved Alma Mater, dear,
And they've brought forth wond'rous fruit
Her zealous souls to cheer.

And tho' to-day she lies at rest
'Neath foreign skies so blue,
Her gentle spirit, kind and good,
Lives in her children true.

Her mem'ry's ever dear to us,
Her name we breathe with love;
The labors we recall with joy
Are now her crown above.

What tho' the restless ocean rolls
'Tween us and Erin's land,
We bless the soil that gave you birth
Upon a foreign strand.

And as to-day you all rejoice,
O let us join the lay,
With grateful, loving hearts to praise
This blest Centennial Day.
Then peal, ye bells! ye voices sing
Of Faith, of Hope, of Love,
Of never-ending praise to Him—
To God, the Lamb—above.

*Mother M. Teresa Comerford.

M. X——.

# Associations and Sodalities



The Sodality of Our Lady of Good Counsel was established for the Presentation pupils in October, 1893. His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, gave his warm approbation to its rules, which aim at promoting piety and a love of study and industry. From its beginning it has continued to flourish and has been a source of blessings to the pupils. The Sodalities of the Holy Angels and the Holy Childhood have many members from the primary and junior grades, and the boys enroll in St. Aloysius Sodality.




The Nano Nagle Debating Club is a literary association for the advanced girls. Literary debates, music and song are the chief attractions of the monthly assembly of this society, which has done much to cultivate and refine the taste of the young ladies for useful reading, correct expression and sound judgment on living topics.

### MEMBERS OF THE
### NANO NAGLE DEBATING CIRCLE.

Miss Mary Giovannoni, Miss Nora Ryan, Miss Helen Hayes, Miss Mary Gardella, Miss Mabel Benker, Miss Ethel Graves, Miss Agnes Supple, Miss Katherine Cashin, Miss Agnes Taylor, Miss Lizzie Remy, Miss Kathleen Meade, Miss Agnes Kenniff, Miss Carmelita Bricca, Miss Rena Vander Naillen, Miss Leonie Jung, Miss Margaret Flynn, Miss Charlotte De Andreis, Miss Josephine Roach, Miss Mary Roach, Miss Maud Kilcommon, Miss Mary McFadden, Miss May Rosa, Miss Alice Messmer, Miss Odessa Gallatin, Miss Josephine Taylor, Miss Lillian Beaumont, Miss Ella Gaffney, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Emily Cawson, Miss Alice McCarry, Miss Genevieve McDevitt, Miss Cora Favilla, Miss Jennie Chiappari, Miss Albina Bricca.




## Sacred Heart Presentation Convent Alumnæ

Miss Elsie Pardow (Mrs. Roma), Miss Mary Traynor, Miss Jessie Moffatt (Mrs. Riordan), Miss Lizzie Riordan, Miss Nora Moynihan, Miss Katie McDonald.

Miss Ella Collins, Miss Mary Merrill (Mrs. McDonough), Miss Margaret Durney (Mrs. T. Brady), Miss Mary McAneney (Mrs. Javat), Miss Mary McDonald (Mrs. Miller), Miss Hannah Barry (Mrs. Urioste), Miss Lizzie Fagan, Miss Lizzie Corcoran (Mrs. Hughes), Miss Mary A. Reilly (Mrs. Breen), Miss Mary Dunne, Miss Mary E. O'Brien (R.I.P.), Miss Emma Waterman, Miss Mary E. McCarthy, Miss Mary E. Cadogan.

Miss Mary Byrne (Mrs. Murphy), Miss Margaret Traynor (Sr. M. Albertus, S.N.D.), Miss Mary E. Rowland.

Miss Margaret Geary, Miss Fannie McPhail, Miss Katie Buckley (Mrs. McIntyre), Miss Annie Cannon, Miss Mary O'Rourke, Miss Mary McGeary, Miss Rosa A. Short (Mrs. Lewis, R.I.P.), Miss Mary A. Powers (Mrs. McCann).

Miss Annie Deering, Miss Sarah McCloskey, Miss Ella Lenhart (Mrs. Manning), Miss Katie Geggus.

Miss Nellie O'Connor (Mrs. Dr. Christal), Miss Mattie Brooks (Mrs. Dr. Mohun), Miss Mary McCarthy (Mrs. Chesworth).

Miss Mary McCloskey, Miss Annie McGlynn, Miss Katie McGeary, Miss Lizzie O'Connor (Mrs. Casey), Miss Sarah Oughin (Mrs. Conaty), Miss Grace Fortune (Mrs. Goodwin), Miss Mary Simpson, Miss Nellie Hazzard (Mrs. Maher), Miss Annie Rice (Mrs. Stohl), Miss Lizzie Smith (Mrs. Roach), Miss Mary McBride (Mrs. Newbauer).

Miss Clara Finnegan, Miss Clara Nolan, Miss Mary McGlynn, Miss Mary O'Dea, Miss Agnes Tobin (Mrs. Liebert), Miss Fannie Walsh (R.I.P.)

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